

THE AMERICAN
Legion

MAGAZINE

JUNE 1947.



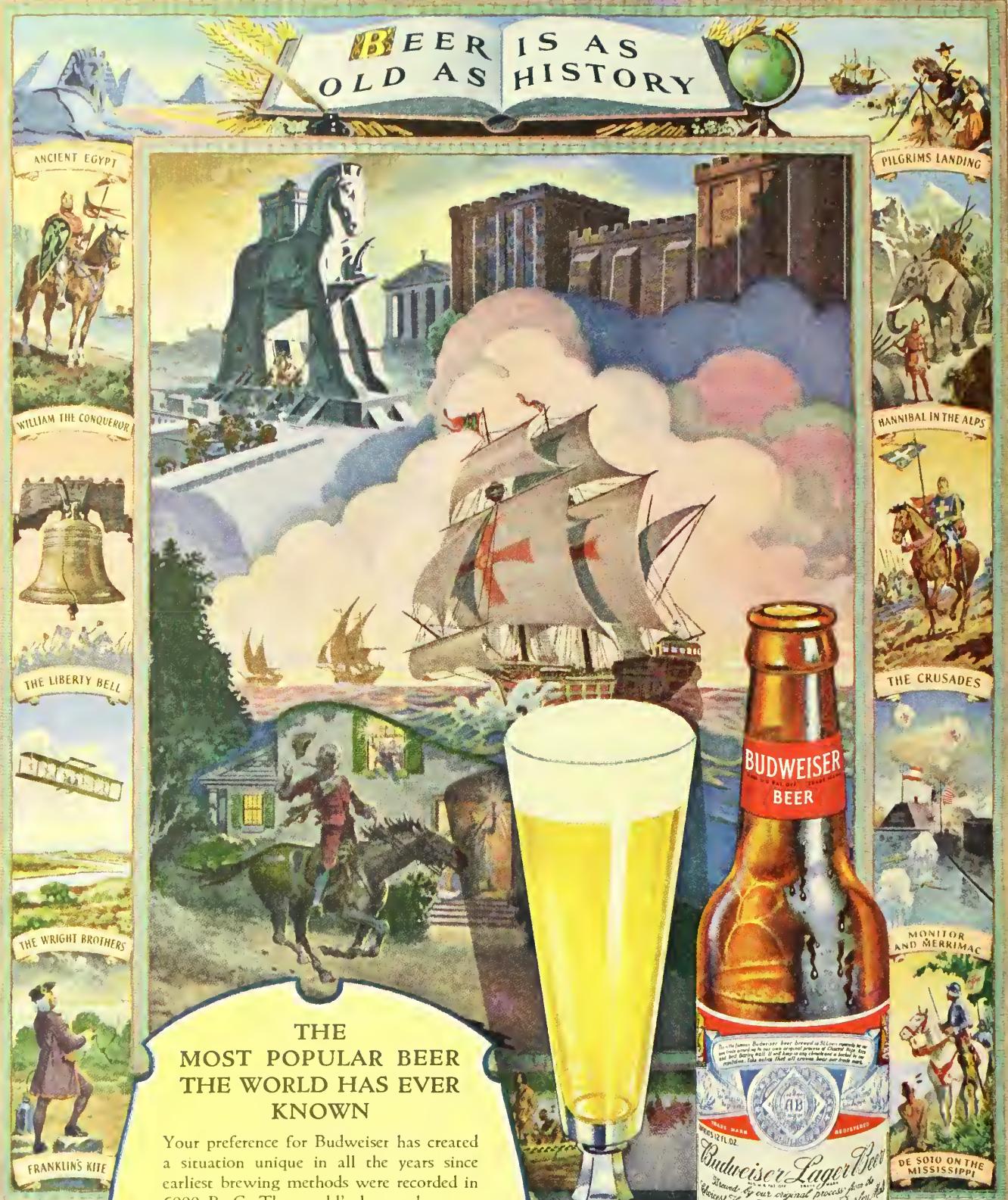
NO DEPRESSION NECESSARY

By W. AVERELL HARRIMAN



BILL FELLER'S BOY By JACK SHER

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MOST POPULAR BEER
THE WORLD HAS EVER
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EVERYWHERE



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PROUDLY PRESENTS THE NEW
ANNIVERSARY SERIES OF

Remington Blue Streak Shavers

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THAN ALL OTHER MAKES COMBINED

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NO LATHER

NO BLADES



1937 The first Remington was made—and almost instantly acclaimed a success. Thousands of these single-head Remingtons are still in use.

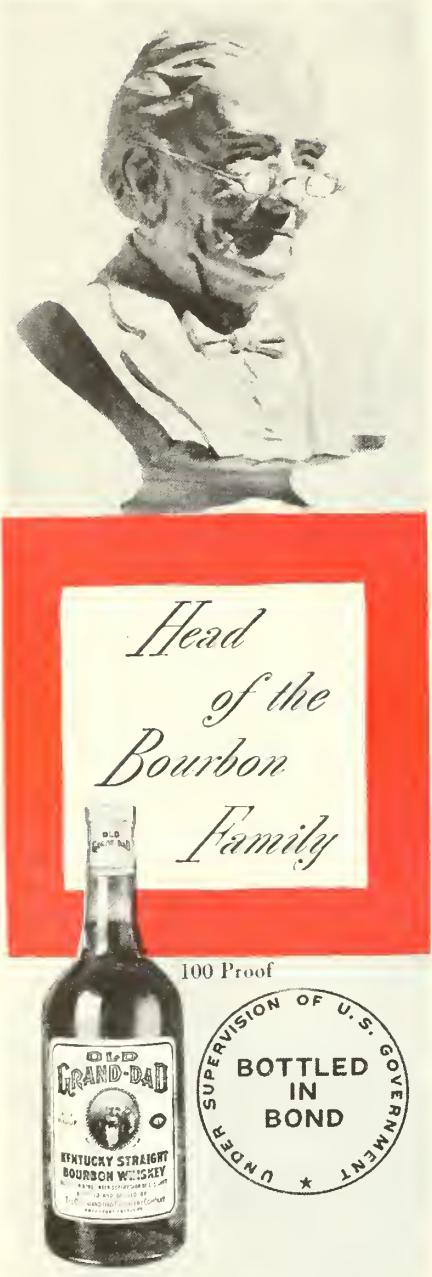
1940 Remington pioneered the multiple-head principle with the Dual. Later a trimming head was added to make the Remington Triple-head.

1941 The first Foursome. With three round heads and a trimming head, this was the fastest shaver made. Remington leaped to first place!

1944 The Remington plant was largely engaged in war production. However, thousands of Remingtons were rushed to Army and Navy hospitals.

1946 The Blue Streak twin shaving head was introduced on a Foursome model. This head handles long and short hairs with equal ease.

1947 Remington announces the Anniversary Series. Be sure you get a Remington—you can't get a better shaver to shave your skin!



THE mellow, heart-warming taste of Old Grand-Dad reflects the pride of its maker in having achieved such rare goodness. Perhaps you yourself have noticed how often Old Grand-Dad graces the head of the table — especially when the occasion calls for a whiskey of such traditional excellence that only the Head of the Bourbon Family can qualify for the honor.

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., N.Y.

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VOL. 42

THE AMERICAN Legion

MAGAZINE JUNE 1947

NO. 6

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★ CONTENTS ★

★ Cover Drawing	By Harold Eldridge
★ No Depression Necessary <i>An answer to the calamity howlers</i>	By W. Averell Harriman 9
★ That VA Insurance Muddle <i>Why many veterans cancelled their NSLI and should reinstate</i>	By Clarence Woodbury 10
★ Massacre (fiction) <i>The solution was rifles at spittin' range</i>	By Hank Felsen 12
★ Men Wanted <i>If the gals want us let them ante up</i>	By Maynard Good Stoddard 14
★ First in Air Power <i>The National Commander calls for a strong air force</i>	By Paul H. Griffith 16
★ Selling The Great Outdoors <i>Tourists are free spenders. Get on the receiving end</i>	By Arthur Carhart 19
★ The Legion: As We Are <i>How the influx of WW2 men is affecting this largest of vet organizations</i>	By Richard Seelye Jones 22
★ Bill Feller's Boy <i>The story of Bob Feller, with an unusual perspective</i>	By Jack Sher 24

DEPARTMENTS

★ The Editors' Corner	4	Sports Varieties	46
Sound-Off!	6	Veterans with Ideas	34
Parting Shots	52		

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Typical of smart, modern parks is "SOUTHWARD HO" at St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Helen D'Eath, center, recently chosen National Trailer Parks Queen, flanked by runners-up Mrs. Gwen Cherry, left, and Mrs. Sally Clark.

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when you've got P.A.***



P.A. means Pipe Appeal

P.A.* When a man smokes a pipe, he has a distinctly masculine attractiveness that women find appealing! And, when he smokes Prince Albert tobacco, he has a rich-tasting smoke that's mild and easy on the tongue!

P.A. means Prince Albert

Try Prince Albert and you'll agree—it's a great tobacco! P.A. is *crimp cut*—packs and cakes just right in your pipe . . . smokes cool and even right down to the bottom of the bowl.

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The National Joy Smoke

A GREAT CIGARETTE TOBACCO TOO.
NOTHING LIKE PA. FOR FAST, EASY
ROLLING AND TASTY SMOKING!



THE EDITOR'S CORNER



Cover artist Harold Eldridge tells us that he was born in York, England, emigrated to Canada while he was still young and optimistic, and now lives in New York City.

"When I was a boy I wanted to be a farmer and grow those oceans of golden wheat you see in the posters," he says. "Then I got a job in Toronto and started producing wheat—out of paint tubes in a grimy little studio on top of a rickety building. There I took a crack at just about every kind of art work from candy wrappers to tall rugged men in long underwear for the catalogues. I got interested in magazines and illustration and for some years was Art Editor of Macleans, Canada's Saturday Evening Post.

"It took a long while, but I finally saved enough money to come to New York, the best place in the world to learn to be an illustrator. Since then I've become an American citizen and am now making regular payments on a small farm in Pennsylvania—where no wheat will grow."

New Art Editor

We hope you'll take special notice of the art work and make-up in this month's magazine. This is the first issue prepared by our new Art Editor, Al Marshall, and we'd like to hear how you like the face lifting job he's performing.

Advice from Felsen

Massacre (page 12) is the product of a versatile young writer named Hank Felsen who has been mentioned in these columns before. You may remember him as the creator of Gunther Gherkin, an eight-ballish character who roamed hilariously through the pages of *The Leatherneck Magazine* during the latter part of the war, providing approximately half a million Marines with something to laugh about.

Felsen, now 30 years old, has a blonde wife, a young son and an ability to turn out both fiction and non-fiction at a prodigious rate. He did a humorous article for us last fall (*Free*

Everything, October, 1946) and since then has turned out several short stories and a juvenile adventure book soon to be published under the title *Flying Correspondent*. He has asked us to pass on a word of advice to the youth of our country. Says Felsen: "I urge all young boys to buy *Flying Correspondent*."

On Getting A Name

Maynard Good Stoddard (*Men Wanted*, page 14) sends us greetings from Florida and straightens us out on how he got his unusual middle name. "My mother named me Maynard before I was born," he says. "Afterwards, when the doctor told her she couldn't have any more children she took another look at me and said, 'That's good!' Thus, Maynard Good Stoddard."

There's more about Stoddard. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he studied journalism, played baseball, got married and became a father. He tried to get into the Army but couldn't, because of the physical. He says he then tried to enlist in the WAC but couldn't—same reason. Consequently, he says he sweat out the war in a sweat shop and at the present time is concentrating on his writing career as a means of supporting his family in the style to which they are accustomed. "That part's easy," he says. "We live in a trailer, so they aren't accustomed to very much."

Frustrated Writer

Every week hundreds of manuscripts come into our office from would-be writers who have never sold a story and probably never will sell one. Chances are some of them are hockey players. Which brings us to a fellow named Jack Sher—who did sell us a story. The story is about Bob Feller, and you'll find it on page 24 of this issue under the title *Bill Feller's Boy*, and the reason we mention it at this time is because Sher's greatest and most frustrated ambition is to be an outstand-



ing hockey player. That's the way it goes; writers want to be hockey players, hockey players want to be writers, and those of us sitting behind editorial typewriters would usually settle for either.

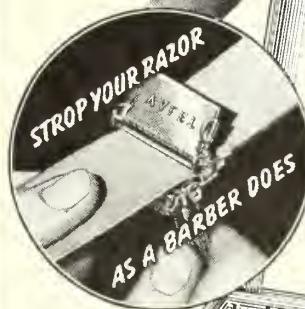
But we can't just leave Jack Sher in the middle of his frustrations. He is, after all, a writer of note, who was something of a vagabond newspaperman, actor and fiction writer until the war grabbed him in '43. Then he went to the Pacific where he was shuttled back and forth between the Army News Bureau and *Stars and Stripes*, showed up on Iwo Jima for the campaign there and on Okinawa when we first started crowding the Japs out of the Ryukyus. He finally returned to civilian life with a Bronze Star Medal, some fond memories and enough Pacific travel to satisfy him for a while.

D. S.

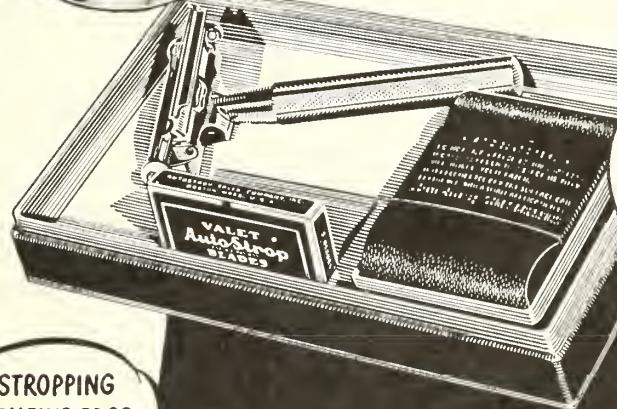
LIKE SHAVING
WITH
NEW BLADE
EVERY TIME



For Thrilling
New Shaving
Comfort...
Unequalled
Economy



NEW VALET
Auto-Strop
RAZOR



RAZOR,
STROP AND
5 VALET BLADES
\$1.25

STROPPING
RENEWS EDGE
FOR
EVERY SHAVE

FIVE FEATURES THAT SPELL
QUICK AND EASY SHAVES
AT A REAL SAVING

- 1 **SELF-SHARPENING.** Stropping keeps blade shaving like new day after day.
- 2 **ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION.** You clean and strop blade right in razor.
- 3 **STREAMLINE RUNNER-GUARD** protects your face... eliminates drag and pull.
- 4 **EASY-OPENING CLIPS** make blade changing a cinch. No fumbling.
- 5 **VALET BLADES** are made of finest razor steel... especially tempered for stropping.

BLADES LAST
AND LAST...
YOU
REALLY SAVE





Sound off!

The NMU—Pro and Con

Sir: Your article "The NMU: Paid in Full" in the March issue has prompted me to become a full-fledged member of The American Legion. The article is notable for being conservative. I was a Navy gunnery officer on merchant ships serving with different merchant crews and will vouch for the authenticity of every paragraph. I can think of many things which even go beyond the facts and situations as written by Mr. Hyatt, but perhaps the things that I did see were unusual. While undergoing air raids, the Merchant Marine exhibited a marked degree of timidity, from the Captain on down, even though they were safely tucked below deck, while the Navy gun crews were shooting it out topside. And who collected the bonuses for being bombed? Not the Navy crews. The article will help to bring to light the gross unfairness in privileges and earnings between the Merchant Marine and the other branches of the service.

ARTHUR MANLEY
Tacoma, Washington

Sir: Frankly, in over 17 years as a merchant seaman including full war service to all the war areas I never heard such a garbled up report as that by William Hyatt—"The NMU: Paid in Full,"

GORDEN ROSEN
Galveston, Texas

Sir: The Seaman's Bill of Rights should never be passed. William Hyatt's article should be published in other large magazines so the people will know the facts about that 4-F outfit, the Merchant Marine. Of course they took risks during the war but self denial, no. Now they want the gravy again by getting the same benefits as the GI's.

J. M.
San Pedro, California

Sir: If I ever read an article as misleading as "The NMU: Paid in Full" I don't recall it. It got me so disgusted I didn't any more than start it but what I gave it up. It's true the union got us clean bedding, good chow and a few of the ordinary comforts of any battlewagon but don't you think that was necessary? As far as that draft deferment was concerned, what benefit was that to the seaman? He was still in service—he left home and entered war zones and took orders. About 50 percent of the so-called veterans of the U. S. Army of World War II never left the States. (Admiral Land's) computations of facts and figures show that the average GI pay was \$1900 a year and the average seaman's pay was \$1800. That did not include all the benefits the GI shared, such as hospitalization, travel rates, USO and Red Cross gifts, etc. No way you argue can prove the Merchant Marine didn't share the service man's lot. Now that there is no more need for their sacrifices you kick them down and stamp

on them. As for selling chow to the GI's the GI's were glad to get it because the military operations were so inefficient. It's no skin off your fanny if (merchant seamen) get a break they sure deserve.

NORMAN O. WILCOX
Providence, Rhode Island

Sir: I have just finished reading "The NMU: Paid in Full" and wish to express my appreciation for a sound and timely statement. As a "retread" from World War I, my service in World War II was with the Coast Guard. I can confirm a great deal of what Mr. Hyatt has to say and give chapter, book and page. If Mr. Hyatt is at a loss for illustration, factual matter or even dates and places I would be glad to place specific details from my own experience at his disposal.

L. M. PERKINS
Durango, Colorado

Sir: During the war the merchant seamen, no more deferred than other essential workers, went through as many dangers as the soldiers and sailors and had less protection and showed, in many cases, far more courage. Moreover, seamen volunteered, got no mustering-out pay, no benefits, and were on their own. Armed forces men hadn't the "guts" to volunteer, except a few; they wouldn't go until forced to. The seamen went to sea, not to kill but to save lives. You and Mr. Hyatt should be ashamed of your unpatriotic attempt to keep men from getting a decent living.

GEORGE MICHAEL ELWELL
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Insurance Merry-Go-Round

Dear Sir: Until elected District Judge last fall, I had from time to time handled claims for beneficiaries under National Service Life Insurance. A year ago last month, the son of a friend was killed in an automobile accident. He had been out of service about two months, and carried U. S. Insurance. His father and beneficiary notified the administration of his son's death, and received the usual card that it was unnecessary to make further inquiries. He did not for about five months, when I wrote the Veterans Administration for him. Receiving no reply, I took the matter up with our Congressman, and in August was informed that the VA had no record of any payments having been made on this policy by the deceased. We then furnished copies of the checks written by the deceased and cashed by the department in payment of his insurance premiums and after several letters and phone calls by Congressman Carlson's office were informed in November that the payments had been located and the doctor, father of deceased, was given forms and instructions for making claim. This was done last November. In January I made an inquiry for him. No answer. Our Congressman had changed. The State Department of Public Welfare thought it could help

and made inquiry through Washington channels, and brought back the disheartening information that the Veterans Administration had no record of this claim. Of course it does have. It will be located, and I presume payment eventually made if the beneficiary lives long enough. A private Insurance company could not do business that way.

ROBERT W. HEMPHILL
Norton, Kansas

We refer Judge Hemphill and all our other readers to "That VA Insurance Muddle" on page 10.

The Editors

Dealers vs. Vets

Sir: I too wish to enter a complaint against the War Assets Administration. Recently I endeavored to purchase a revolver from the WAA (having the necessary permits). I was informed that although they were in stock and for sale, they were being sold "only to dealers" and not to individual purchasers. This policy compels the individual veteran to purchase from a dealer an article which the dealer bought from the WAA at a price far below that for which he sells it to the veteran. Why discriminate against a veteran in favor of a dealer? If the veterans are not given a priority in the purchase of surplus war equipment, they at least should have an equal opportunity along with everyone else to buy it.

W. S. SAVAGE
Westbury, New York

Quick Physical

Sir: At the time I was discharged I was given a 30 percent disability and was called up a year later for a physical. I drove 200 miles to get there on time and this is the kind of physical I got: A doctor (I hope he was one) took me into a room and took my temperature, blood pressure, and listened to my lungs. I was then sent to the lab, where they drew out some blood, and that ended the physical. A month later I received a report from the Veterans Administration stating that my disability had been cut to 10 percent. Now I ask you, was that a fair physical? That, also, is what the American public would have to go through if socialized medicine ever got a foothold in this country of ours.

R. W. BENNETT
Oakland, Oregon

Oldest Command?

Sir: In "Why I Joined the Legion" in your March issue, one Colonel Robert C. Ebbs made a great error in saying the Newport Artillery was the oldest chartered command in the United States. The Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company is the oldest in the Western Hemisphere and the third oldest in the world, being junior only to the Vatican Guards and the Honorable Artillery Company in London. We maintain an Armory and Museum in Faneuil Hall and extend an invitation to all Legionnaires coming to Boston to visit us.

FRED E. PEREIRA
Executive Secretary, Boston

According to a roster of historic military commands, it appears that Colonel Ebbs is wrong by 103 years. The Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company came into existence in 1638, the Newport Artillery Company in 1741.

The Editors

Nobody picks on Johnny

He's a nice, pleasant kid who never goes looking for trouble. The neighborhood bullies give him a wide berth, however, because Johnny knows how to take care of himself. It's that way with nations, too. In this uncertain age, preparedness is the *only* protection against aggression. The new National Guard gives America a large measure of that protection. This superbly equipped, completely modernized M-Day force of 682,000 air and ground soldiers will stand before the world as a symbol of our preparedness. Thoroughly trained in all phases of modern war, it will be fully capable of instant mobilization and deployment with the Regular Army in any emergency.

For physically and mentally qualified young men, the new National Guard offers splendid educational opportunities and a chance to develop qualities of leadership that will serve them well in every field of business. It merits the whole-hearted endorsement of all serious-minded Americans who have learned the lesson of history that weakness invites disaster.

Listen to "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, every Wednesday, 9 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.

The National Guard is a Federally supervised force raised by the states. Strength, composition, training and efficiency are constantly under the guidance of officers selected by the War Department. There are National Guard units in each of the 48 states, and in Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia.



Many employers perform a great public service by permitting Guardsmen in their employ to take part in summer field training without sacrificing their income or vacation period.

The National Guard

* * * OF THE UNITED STATES * * *

Is that MY voice?

Yes'm. That figure 1 up there, with hundreds of zeros trailing after it, represents the number of times your voice is amplified on a Long Distance call from New York to San Francisco. Even on shorter calls, the total is tremendous. The reason is that the current which carries your voice gets tired of traveling. So every few miles vacuum tube "repeaters" refresh your voice by boosting its power as much as a million times.

The Bell System uses many such tubes for Long Distance service—from peanut size to big three-footers for overseas telephony. As a result, you can talk across the country as easily as across the street—and reach people in almost every nation of the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



No Depression Necessary

"There are some who feel that because \$10,000 mink coats are no longer selling like hot cakes we are on the road to disaster. Are we? I say no."

By W. AVERELL HARRIMAN

UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

**How, Mr. Harriman says,
we can work to head off
a possible slump:**

LABOR, BUSINESS AND FARMERS can help by working together to stimulate production in all lines.

BUSINESSMEN can help by holding prices in line and lowering them as quickly as practicable.

GOVERNMENT can render further help as a stabilizing influence.



WHILE I WAS waiting on the airstrip at Teheran in 1944 I heard a statement that has stuck in my mind. We were standing by for weather clearance before taking off for Moscow, and some of the crew of the C-87 in which I was to fly were talking about their post-war plans. One man, the flight engineer, was reading a letter while the others talked. When they invited him to tell about what he planned to do when the war was over, he looked up from his letter and put his thoughts in a nutshell. "What I want," he said, "is regular, steady mail while I'm over here, and a regular, steady job when it's finished and I get back home."

I have come home after six years overseas, travelling in Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East, with the conviction that we must maintain a strong, dynamic America—strong in spirit and

strong in material productivity. A busy, productive America is part of the good life for which veterans like that flight engineer fought. A return to the old boom-and-bust cycle would be a blow against ourselves and a threat to our hopes for securing the peace which we have won.

Veterans returned from the pressure of war to a home economy in the midst of many changes and adjustments. They moved from participation in the tough struggle of war to the great enterprise of reconversion. The addition of their skills and strength to the nation's working force helped make possible our remarkable achievements in the change-over. Those prophets of gloom who could see only vast unemployment ahead for us in 1946 have been proven wrong; we have had our difficulties, but our level of em-

ployment today is the highest in peacetime history.

Yet there is no sense in fooling ourselves. We are still in abnormal circumstances. Our shipments for foreign relief are continuing. We are still riding on a crest of pent-up consumer demand and wartime savings. We are only beginning to cope with the shortages of housing and capital equipment needed for industry and agriculture. Our international responsibilities require the maintenance of a greatly reduced but still sizeable Army and Navy. We are helping support the populations of the countries we are occupying until they can stand on their own feet under democratic governments.

Any reasonable observer would say that we still have some distance to go before we get (*Continued on page 42*)



THAT VA INSURANCE MUDDLE

If you've had trouble with your National Service Life Insurance you'll understand why when you read this article. You'll also realize why millions of veterans dropped their policies. But now the VA is wading out of the rubble so there's more reason for hanging on to your insurance—or reinstating it.

By CLARENCE WOODBURY

This is a story about an unholy mess. It concerns a snafu, lousing-up, brass, warm bodies and your future financial welfare. In other words, it is a story about veterans insurance.

There is a lot of griping about it. From coast to coast thousands of veterans of World War II are bitching to high heaven about the deal they are getting from the Veterans Administration on their National Service Life Insurance. Most of the bitching is justified. At the present time this insurance is the most poorly sold and administered on earth.

Yet it is also the best insurance on earth and I want to make that very plain before I proceed with my horror story. You may read things here which will make you turn slightly green, but don't let it shake your faith in your insurance. If you have NSLI policies, keep them by all means. If you have let your insurance lapse, reinstate it. It represents the very soundest investment you

can make in the future and the time is approaching when you will receive more efficient service from the VA than you are getting now. A better deal lies ahead.

I know this is true because I have just completed an extensive investigation of the NSLI situation for The American Legion Magazine. I have traveled thousands of miles, talked with scores of bigwigs in the Veterans Administration, read innumerable reports and listened to the woes of countless veterans. I was shocked by what I found. I had never realized before that Uncle Sam could be such a rotten bookkeeper. There are mitigating circumstances, however, and the situation is going to improve from now on. Let's look at the worst side of the mess first.

Right now, two years after VE Day, thousands of ex-service men and women in every state of the Union haven't the dimmest idea of how they stand on their Government insurance. Many of them who make pre-

mium payments regularly don't really know whether they are insured or not, because they never receive acknowledgments of their payments. Others who are paid up for six months or a year in advance receive dunning notices every month or letters gravely informing them that their policies have lapsed. Clear cut death claims often take months or even years to settle because the dead man's record cannot be found in the VA's files.

Most deplorable of all, approximately 10,000,000 veterans have dropped their insurance entirely. Many of them would have done so in any event, but many others have let their policies lapse through sheer disgust with the VA's business methods, or have failed to reinstate their insurance because they were never adequately sold on its value or provided with information on how to go about reinstating it.

In one instance, which I verified, in the South, an ex-soldier wrote repeatedly to the VA for details on how he could reinstate his NSLI term policy. He never received a reply to his letters. Then, after seven months had elapsed, he was killed in an automobile accident. His widow and three small children received exactly nothing from the Government, due to the Government's own negligence, when they might have received \$10,000.

Cases like that are not hard to match and top officials of the VA in Washington frankly admit it. They confessed to me that they are deeply in arrears in both their correspondence and record-keeping and obligingly produced figures to prove it. As this is written, the VA is in possession of more than 1,000,000 unapplied remittances and—hold your breath—approximately 300,000 of these remittances are unidentified. This means, in other words, that 1,000,000 premium payments have never been chalked up to the accounts of the men who paid them and, in 300,000 cases, the VA has not been able to find the records of the veterans who sent in their money. It is no wonder that thousands of ex-G.I.s across the land are gnashing their teeth.

How did this disgraceful muddle come about?

To understand the reasons, and comprehend what is being done to clear up the mess which affects the lives of so many ex-service people, it is necessary to glance back for a moment at the VA's insurance operation during the past few years. The VA is not run exclusively by mental cripples, as many veterans solemnly believe, and while its

HERE ARE A FEW TIPS ON HOW TO DO BUSINESS WITH VA IN CONNECTION WITH INSURANCE

1.—For information and rates on the various forms of NSLI available, obtain a copy of VA Pamphlet 9-3 from your local VA office or Legion Post. It tells the whole story.

2.—To reinstate your insurance, obtain an "Application for Reinstatement" (Form 9-353a), fill it out and send it, together with a remittance for twice the amount of the monthly premium at the time of default, to your local VA office as indicated on the application.

3.—In all communications to the VA, always give (a) your full name, (b) your Insurance Certificate or Policy Number, (c) your Service Serial Number, and (d) your complete address.

4.—If you don't remember any of the numbers mentioned above, give (a) your grade or rating and organization at the time of your original application for insurance, (b) the date of your discharge from the service, and (c) the date and place of your birth.

5.—In paying your premiums use the envelope sent to you for the purpose and write your Policy Number on the face of your check or money order.

6.—If you fail to receive premium notices or receipts, keep paying your premiums regularly anyway, and hang on to your cancelled checks or money order stubs. If necessary, they'll provide proof you're paid up.

7.—If you have received no replies to your letters, write again giving full particulars. In some VA offices, the last letters received are the first to be answered.

8.—If you can't get satisfaction by mail, take your problem personally to a VA contact man. If he lets you down, too, furnish full details to your Legion Post service officer. He'll go to bat for you just as the Legion always has for war veterans.

insurance chiefs cannot be entirely whitewashed of blame by any means, they have been the victims of circumstances to a large extent.

Prior to World War II, the VA's insurance division was centralized in Washington and was doing a creditable job there of servicing approximately 500,000 insurance accounts of World War I veterans. With the coming of hostilities, however, it was swamped with the biggest insurance job in history. More than 19,000,000 policies—having a total face value of \$150,000,000,000—had to be written on the lives of 16,000,000 individuals.

This called for a tremendous overnight expansion and Washington, bulging at the seams with win-the-war agencies, simply didn't have the office space or manpower to take care of it. As a result, the VA became an orphan child and the insurance collection section was moved to New York City where it was housed in ten office and loft buildings. Soap boxes and shoe boxes were used in lieu of office furniture in many instances and personnel was scraped out of the bottom of the manpower barrel.

A warm body was the only requirement for a job at that time and ex-laundresses, ex-laborers and ex-charwomen started handling G.I.s' insurance records. Some of the green employees did very well, but others loused up the files with thousands of errors which are plaguing the VA today and will continue to do so for years to come.

One girl, for example, who couldn't be bothered climbing a stepladder to file cards of certain serial numbers blithely changed the numbers on hundreds of cards so that she could place them in files near at hand. Other employees destroyed whole batches of records to save themselves work or, through mere ignorance, merrily misspelled names and transposed numbers day after day.

The confusion caused by the warm bodies was bad enough but with the coming of peace and demobilization the VA faced the new task of collecting premiums directly from veterans instead of through allotment from their service pay. Thousands of veterans who had been inadequately counselled on insurance at their separation centers did not fill out their Reinstatement Applications correctly or failed fully to identify themselves.

Some John Smiths, for instance, merely signed their names to letters requesting rein-

(Continued on page 30)



Thirty rifles slid to thirty shoulders, and each man, sighting down his barrel,

Massacree

called for blood-lettin', Mayor Tullow was happy to oblige

By HANK FELSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLY RICHARDS

DAN TULLOW, Mayor and leading citizen of Gopher Gulch, reclined lazily in his battered swivel chair. His tall hat was tipped forward, covering his frosty blue eyes, the brim resting on his fiercely curved nose. His long skinny legs were stretched out to where his booted feet

rested on the edge of a half-opened desk drawer. By exerting a slight pressure, Mayor Dan Tullow could teeter back and forth in time to the lovely Irish ballads that were always flowing through his mind.

A downward twitch of displeasure tightened the corners of Mayor Dan Tullow's mouth. The fat sheriff of Ponacaw County was pacing back and forth across the floor. The heavy clumping of his

boots played havoc with the tender beat of a melody Dan was trying to remember.

"Sit down, Sheriff," Dan complained from under the hat. "Relax. Ain't nobody been shot yet."

The sheriff halted, aiming a heavy calibre forefinger at the mayor. "True, Mayor, true. But it's our duty to prevent the good citizens and voters of Ponacaw County from massacreein' each other."



looked also into the muzzle of a loaded rifle aimed directly at him . . .

Mayor Tullow shifted his cud of tobacco and fired an accurate brown stream at the cuspidor. "That's no reason for callin' out the U. S. Cavalry," he said in a grieved tone. "This ain't the first time the sheepmen and the cattle-men has had their little arguments."

"Little arguments!" squeaked the sheriff. "It's war, that's what it is. War."

"Now, now," Dan chided gently, as though rebuking a child. "Don't you see, Sheriff, Preventin' coldblooded murder is one thing. Interferin' in an argument where both sides has guns . . . Why that's just bein' nosy."

"Let's look at it this way, Mayor," the sheriff pleaded, his beefy red face glistening with nervous sweat. "We was both elected to office by all the citizens involved. Now if this shootin's gonna be fair, both sides had ought to be even. If we let the war start and one side

has more men than the other, we'll be guilty of showin' favoritism." The sheriff clasped his pudgy fingers together in a righteous gesture. "That ain't honest."

Mayor Tullow thoughtfully stroked the right wing of his white, drooping mustache. "You're right, Sheriff. You've got a point there. We'll act."

A smile spread over the sheriff's face.



"Then we'll send for the troops?"

"Hell no, Sheriff. That would be admittin' our incompetence and defeat. Besides, one of them soldiers might fall off his horse, pushed off by a stray shot or so, and we'd be feedin' troops and horses for a year. We'll settle it today. Where are my blood-thirsty constituents gathered?"

"The cattlemen are holdin' a conference at the Hairless Dog. The sheepmen are plannin' their strategy in the Gopher Gulch Whiskey Parlor."

"All right, Sheriff," Dan said. "You visit both camps. Tell 'em I want each side to send fifteen of their best shots to my office at three this afternoon. Each man to be carryin' a rifle with one round of ammunition."

"Rifles?" The blood in the sheriff's face dived for his boots.

"Yes, rifles," (Continued on page 37)



It isn't out of order for us to demand a bribe with our bride

Men Wanted

By MAYNARD GOOD STODDARD

WELL, MEN, here we are, back on the old pedestal where we belong. Right where we were when Adam slipped off the apple cart. And there are the women, milling around below like so many cattle, their eyes full of love and longing. Let them look. Few will ever have more of us than a look, poor creatures. Ah, me. Pardon, whilst I flex a bicep at them. How I love to hear them moan and sigh.

The truth is, fellows, we are a scarce item. We belong in with that cherished, hard-to-get, under-the-counter merchandise. Instead of fighting us, women are fighting over us for a change. Strengthen yourselves to face a queue any day now.

This isn't merely one underprivileged

Today there are more women than men, so let the law of supply and demand go to work. If the gals want us, let them pay the price. The least they can offer is a dowry

husband's pipe dream of the post-war sex situation. Our scarcity has created a problem great enough to worry the best of our present-day thinkers. These titles are just a few of a great many on the

subject which have appeared lately in our leading magazines:

"Woman Needs Man."
"Somebody's After Your Man."
"Are Girls Pursuers?"
"Must We Ration Husbands?"
"Husband Shortage."
"In Marriage It's A Man's Market."

Two other articles, a little beside the point, but related to the subject, sounded rather interesting: "Where Girls Sacrifice Their Teeth to Wed" and "Why Men Marry; Six Reasons"—which probably included imbecility, despondency, poverty, impetuosity, the shotgun and maybe love, although to tell the truth I didn't read it, to find out.

ILLUSTRATED BY MONET

A rapid survey of this other stimulating literature, however, brought out these facts:

According to Lucy Greenbaum, "Women of 21 years and older outnumbered men by 500,000 in 1940. By July 1, 1945, the figure hit 750,000. Fifteen years ago there was a surplus of 100,000 men." (That was my era, and what a beating we took!)

Amram Scheinfeld gives these heartening figures: "America is headed toward a permanent surplus of from 6 to 8 million marriageable women who will have to do without husbands. One out of seven girls," he says, "now seems headed for spinsterhood." And adds, "The threats are: polygamy, increasing illegitimacy and a breakdown of moral standards."

Henry Bowman, M.D., says, "Girls of today find themselves facing a harsh fact. Many thousands of them are worried sick about it. In scores of U. S. towns today the ratio of girls to eligible men is 10 to one or higher."

Naomi Rioli presents this cheering picture: "There seems to be nothing like a threatened shortage of men," she says, "to bring out the huntress in a woman. Quantities of females . . . are hijacking men from one another with incredible speed and ferocity. It's the law of the jungle . . ."

Sounds great, doesn't it? Sounds as if we've got women right where the—right where we want them, doesn't it? Well, we have. And what are we going to do about it? That is the question.

The way I see it, we can do either of two things: pose around and bask in our own wantedness, until we are replaced by the atom or the microbe or something; or we can play it smart and have a grub-stake when this thing is over. I move that we give the Law of Supply and Demand a chance to prove itself (10 women to one man—brother!) I say: let's bring back the dowry!

This pitch to revive the dowry is not for myself alone. It will come too late to do me much good. I am thinking of the poor veteran. Saddening is the thought of his jumping so soon from one war into another, with only the GI Bill of Rights to see him through.

Not only that, but when a man gets around to be married he can use a little financial boost. The cost of courtship usually leaves him in pretty bad shape.

And marriage itself is a costly business. On top of this, the average woman brings nothing with her but a hope chest stuffed with six years of Dorothy Dix clippings, a copy of *What Every Young Bride Should Know*, a few recipes, perhaps a pamphlet on "The Expectant Mother," and the rest filled with an Afghan she has been working on since she was 12—no nylons, no soap powder, no butter, no seed potatoes, nothing essential.

Though you young fellows with the discharge buttons may appreciate somewhat the cost of preparing for a battle of bullets and bombs, you are in for a shock when the expenses of this more devastating war begin rolling in.

I wooed and won my wife as cheaply as a man could—over a period of seven years, that is (competition wasn't too keen—I even tried to dig up some along at the last)—and still she set me back the price of a small hog farm.

I've had plenty of bills since, but they never banked up on me as they did during that foolish flurry of spending: evening drives into the country—a mile out and a mile back: Tums, after those



In ancient Babylon girls were auctioned off. Bonuses went to men who picked homely ones

Sunday dinners she cooked with her own two little dishpan hands; having my pants repaired, from those nights I didn't watch where I was going in getting out to the car and caught my leg in her bulldog's teeth; and incidentals, such as flowers, candy, and an engagement and wedding ring combination.

Then, besides, I made the mistake of telling myself that a woman with a job was as good as a woman with a dowry. I was a fool! My wife quit working three months after I married her. I read all the fine print on the license, and thought over all the Justice had said and couldn't find a trace of evidence where she had guaranteed to work a certain length of

time. So I was left holding the bag.

I found out then that the only way to get money out of a woman is to get it in a lump sum. In other words, strike while love is hot. I mean, get back the dowry!

The dowry is not an unreasonable or revolutionary plan for rationing men. Not so long ago it was considered a good (and extremely lucrative) custom in the U. S. Listen to this:

TO THE LADIES: Any young Lady between the Age of Eighteen and Twenty-three, of a Midling Stature; brown Hair, regular Features and a Lively Brisk Eye; of Good Morals and not tinctured with anything that may Sully so Distinguishable a form; possessed of three or four hundred pounds entirely at her own disposal, and where there will be no necessity of Going Through the tiresome Talk of addressing Parents or Guardian for their Consent: Such a one by leaving a Line directed for A. W., at the British Coffee House in King Street, appointing where an Interview may be had, will meet a Person who flatters himself he shall not be thought Disagreeable by any Lady answering the above Description. Profound Secrecy will be observed.

Printed in the *Boston Evening Post*, February 23, 1759, this announcement is satisfying proof that less than two hundred years ago the dowry was an

accepted institution; that a man in this country could come out publicly, with no fear of social condemnation or an OPA, and put a price on the bliss of singleness.

Unfortunately we have no record of how A. W. fared. But as there was no second entry, we can take for granted that he found a girl with a lively brisk eye and around \$1500. It didn't matter to old A. W., you see, about her other eye. He didn't even require her to have another one. The money was the thing. Man had established the right to demand bags filled with money along with the one stuffed with love, humility, gratitude, fear, and a desire to serve.

Then somewhere, boys, we muffed it.

Compare the tone of A.W.'s notice to some we find in print today. If these don't bring you to the realization that the commanding position of man in marriage has descended to a deplorable level, and leave you in a fighting mood, then nothing will. Get this:

SINGLE FELLOW who loves kids wants to meet young widow stuck with one or two children. Object: a home with kids, pets 'n' everything. F. G. H., Key West, Fla.

This bird is (*Continued on page 48*)



First in Air Power

by PAUL H. GRIFFITH

National Commander, The American Legion

WORDS SOMETIMES become almost too big and impressive for the ears of plain human beings, and I want to say emphatically that I have weighed and studied the import of big words when I say here, to the members of The American Legion, that the destiny of the United States and of the world today rests on air power. If each of you had heard, or has read, what was said at the National Aeronautics Conference of the Legion at Indianapolis last March, you will agree with me. By calling that Conference the Legion once more, as in 1922 at New Orleans, took first place among American civilian organizations in advocating such power in the air as to assure the safety of America and the peace of the world.

From 1922 to 1939 we of the Legion studied this subject, spoke firmly to America of what we learned, pleaded with the people and the Congress, and fell far short of accomplishing what was so plainly necessary. From March 1947 we may date this second national effort to place and keep America first in the air. This time we dare not fail.

To those who say we aim too high let me remind you that in military air power in 1935 the Legion was asking only a "balanced force of 2,500 military planes," and by 1938 was urging only "1,500 planes a year" and a balanced force of 8,000 planes. When war came in 1941 President Roosevelt called for 100,000

planes a year. Yet three years earlier the Legion was called "militaristic" for trying to get America prepared in the air.

Our purpose then and our purpose now is not to make war. It is to make peace and keep the peace. The slogan of the campaign launched in 1947 by our Legion is "Air Power is Peace Power."

In 1947 we see our United States, after winning the greatest of wars primarily through air power over Europe and over the Pacific, preparing to abandon its leadership and return smugly to the easy-going idea that American wealth can dominate the world without much effort or attention by American citizens. It is probably lucky for us that our position of leadership at the close of the war has been so promptly challenged by another great power—Russia. Perhaps we shall awake to our true position and needs when we learn, as the Legion's Aeronautics Conference learned, that Russia is moving ahead of the United States in air power today.

I wish that every Legion member could have attended the March conference and listened to national leaders in Congress, in the military air services, in civilian air services and in aircraft production. I wish that every Legionnaire had heard Franklin D'Olier at our San Francisco convention discuss the results of air power in winning the Second World War. I hereby ask every Department Com-

mander and Adjutant in the Legion, and every Post Commander and Adjutant, to read two short documents. One is "The American Legion Program on Adequate Air Power for National Safety." The other is the handbook of department and post activities entitled "Air Power is Peace Power."

I ask that much of our official leaders in Departments and Posts. I know that not hundreds, but thousands of Legionnaires who by experience understand air power and its meaning to world peace will read that much, and more. I know that Americans everywhere will respond to knowledge, factual and vital knowledge, of the right and necessary course for the United States and its Government. It is the task of The American Legion to bring and keep the facts before the American people.

The United States is today the world trustee of freedom for human kind. To a troubled world the blessings of freedom may come through the airways, just as the horrors of mass murder may come through the airways. We made ourselves first in air production and operation. That position must not be weakened by war weariness or inertia. America must be kept first in the air. There is no other group of citizens better fitted to lead in this cause than The American Legion.

Air Power is Peace Power.

"Come with me," said Alice, "I'll show you why
Ford's Out Front!"

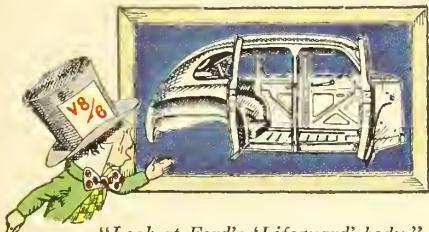


"...the new 1947 Ford is prettiest of them all," said Alice.

"IN the first place," said Alice to the Rabbit, "you can just put your watch back in your waistcoat pocket! This isn't going to take very long!"

"I've heard that before," replied the Rabbit, but he put his watch back just the same.

"Now," said Alice, "Ford, you know, is the only car in the entire low-priced field with your choice of engines—either the V-8 or the Six."



"Look at Ford's 'Lifeguard' body," said the Mad Hatter. "It's made of heavy-gauge, all-steel unit construction."

"Harumph!" said the Rabbit. . . . "Indeed!"



"The Rabbit just loves its performance," said the Mock Turtle, "and so do I."

"And," went on Alice, "if you've an eye for beauty, you'll grant the Ford is prettiest of all!"

"The Queen of Spades will agree with you," replied the Rabbit, "she is terribly fussy about beauty."

"Now we are getting somewhere," said Alice. "Even the grumpy old Mock Turtle will like its 'Lifeguard' Body—a remarkable Ford invention. And the 'King-Sized' brakes..."

"'King-Sized' brakes?" interrupted the Rabbit.

"Yes," said Alice, "and of course, they are oversized hydraulics and very sure to stop you."

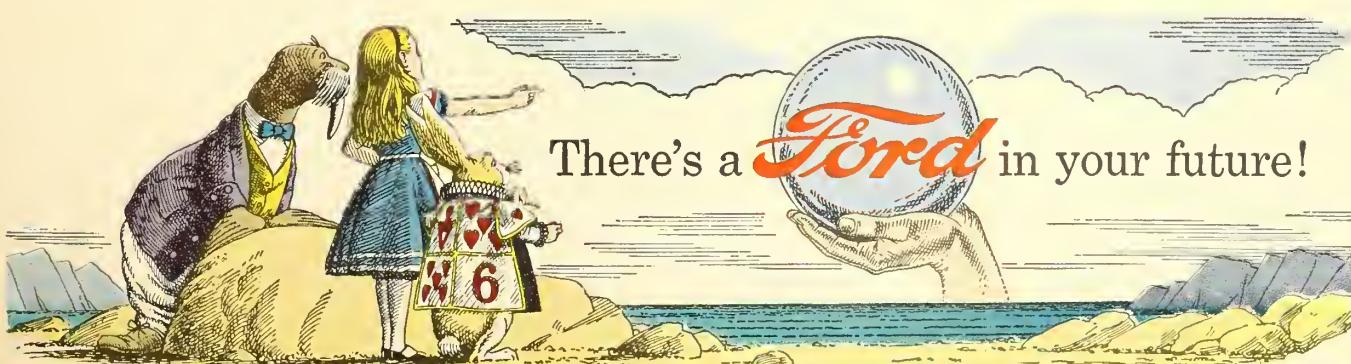
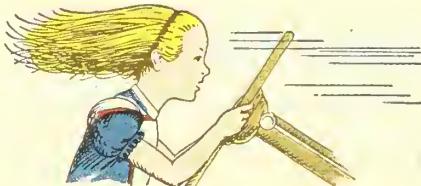
"Well," said the Rabbit, "that will make the King of Spades very happy!"

"Here is a feature which makes me think of you," said Alice. "The new Fords are as swift as Rabbits, too."

Alice looked around but the Rabbit had gone. "That," said Alice, "is quite to be expected. He's gone to order the Ford in his Future!"

Listen to the Ford Show starring Dinah Shore on Columbia Network Stations Wednesday evenings.

"My," said Alice, "the new Ford is such fun to drive!"



There's a **Ford** in your future!

International agreement



Around a table in some far-off corner of the world... or around your own fireside at home...you'll find your guests in agreement when Schlitz appears. The fame of Schlitz is known to everyone... to friends across the seas as well as neighbors across the street. And the quality of Schlitz is as famous as its name. In every land and language, the beer that made Milwaukee famous stands as a symbol of the finest in beer.

*Just the KISS
of the hops*



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



Selling the Great Outdoors

Some hints on how you might make a living out of the money spent by hunters and fishermen—and be your own boss

By ARTHUR CARHART

Did you ever think of making a living by raising worms?

Or building log cabins?
Or inventing fish lures?

Or running a private hunting preserve for profit?

War veterans who know and like the outdoors and are still wondering how they'd like to earn a living would do well to note that there is more potential

money ready to be spent in outdoor sports than there are outlets for spending it.

An ever growing number of sportsmen face an ever shrinking sporting domain. Today hunters and fishermen are spending billions of dollars annually. Tomorrow they will spend even more, for to get the sport they desire hunters and fishermen will rely more and more

on the special services of small and large business run by men who will invent ways and services to compensate for the shrinking sports lands. In addition, the mere increase in the number of fishermen and hunters is creating more and more opportunities for private ventures in the old and well-known services to sportsmen.

Consider the worm supply, for instance. You've seen the old shack by the waterfront with the weatherbeaten sign tacked to a crooked post bearing the legend, "Worms and Live Bait For Sale." For a limited number of people today there's more to the worm business than that, and it even goes beyond supplying fishermen. Take the case of Sgt. Frank O'Brien, of Denver, Colorado.

Frank's mother likes to fish and so does the whole family. While her men-folk were overseas she decided it would save a lot of digging if she grew her own bait, so an angleworm bed was installed in the O'Brien back yard. Worms filled the bed, surpluses were sold, and demand jumped beyond supply. Before

they knew it the O'Briens were in the earthworm farming business, with half a dozen beds in a nearby vacant lot.

One sporting goods store placed a standing daily order for 300 cans of 100 worms each. Other stores ordered "seed stock" of selected worms, and some orders came from foreign countries.

Frank was in the Army, but he got interested in the worm trade as he read letters from home, and he sent home part of his Army pay to expand the business. Now he's home, in charge of the "main farm," which is only a few hundred square feet in size.

Brother Joe came out of the Navy and set up worm beds in his own back yard, and two O'Brien sons-in-law, both vets, are picking up the O'Brien know-how and planning to raise hybrid, selected-stock earthworms. Today orders roll in that cannot be filled, and the demand is continually increasing. An even larger field than bait worms is opening up for specially-bred worms to be planted in truck gardens and fields to benefit the soil.

You wouldn't think much of the

O'Brien farm if you were to visit it. It's a one-family operation turning out enough to support the family comfortably. I dropped by one day last winter. It was snowing, and the O'Briens had a 10,000 worm order to fill. All you could see was a vacant lot with some old 9 x 12 rugs lying here and there. No factory, no imposing structures, no fancy equipment—a simple, low-cost operation.

"This business is made to order for boys who are partly disabled," says Mrs. O'Brien. "The work is light, the investment is small, and beds can be built in almost any back yard." The firm name and address is Colorado Earthworm Hatchery, 2134 Decatur Street, Denver 11, Colorado. They have mimeographed sheets that tell you how you can start a farm in three second-hand fruit boxes, also how to prepare beds for commercial production.

There are several other successful earthworm farms. One is the California Earthworm Farm at La Canada, Calif. It is run by George Sheffield Oliver, an expert on hybrid worms who has put

More city folks spend more money outdoors each year. They pay for horses, guides, tackle, clothing, travel, room and board





He's lacquering a tennis racket. It's part of the growing sports-repair field



Just an ordinary guy digging fishworms in his backyard. But on the right you see the product, and he can't supply enough to keep the customers happy

out a 104 page booklet which is very complete on the handling of earthworms.

Worm farming is but one curious way to make a living out of the great outdoors. There are more others than I can list here, some new and some old but expanding in the face of new demands.

In many sections of the country summer cabins are in demand, and in the Adirondacks a group of ex-GI's who have equipped themselves with the tools and skills are in the log cabin building business. For 15¢ the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., will send you Miscellaneous Publication No. 579 of the Department of Agriculture which tells you exactly how to build log structures and log furniture. This booklet, some common sense and a few dollars' worth of tools will put you in business if you pick a good territory. You should know your local labor restrictions, though in log cabin country there aren't often many, or any. In some states a licensed plumber must do the plumbing job.

One of the coming businesses in outdoor sports that calls for some capital is the conversion of marginal land into privately owned game preserves. The idea is only just beginning to blossom, and you should do a lot of investigation before making hay of this suggestion, but here it is:

Good hunting land and fishing waters are at a premium. They are particularly scarce where the demand is greatest—near population centers. Former service pilots are already attacking this scarcity from one angle by flying sportsmen into distant wilds that were formerly un-

attainable. But there will be about 22 million hunters and fishermen this year and not many of them will fly to the north woods. Most of them will be looking desperately for sporting terrain nearer home, which, of course, is shrinking and becoming more and more crowded.

In the face of such demand, someone is going to produce a supply.

A chance for a permanent business may lie in an old swamp. Swamps produce little revenue to owners, and often have failed as farmland when drained. Such marginal lands may be secured by purchase or long-term lease. A bulldozer or team-and-scrapers can pile up earth dams across narrow places, a series of lakes will be created and crappies, bass and other game fish can be planted.

Duck hunters will pay for the use of duckblinds around such lakes. Muskrats produce original revenue. Farm ponds of a few acres have proved that from 400 to 300 pounds of bluegills, crappies and catfish can be produced per acre per year under proper management. That old slough just out side of town may be transformed into a good business by someone.

Then there is the game management of upland areas. Rabbits, quail, pheasants, partridges and other game are actually crops from land, though the landowners today realize nothing but a nuisance value from them because uninvited hunters tramp through their fields to take the game crop.

But the fellow who can get owners of a block of farms or cut-over lands to sign a long-term agreement for him to manage the game crop, build up food

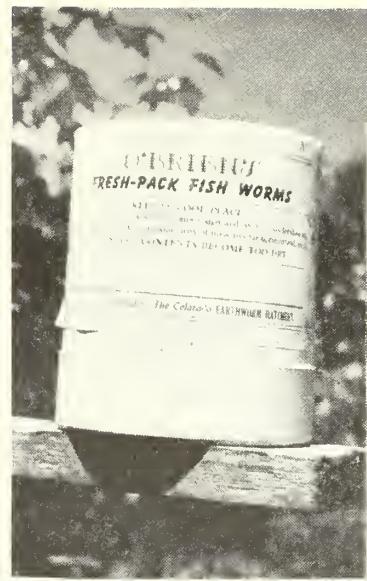
and cover, patrol the area during the hunting season and collect reasonable fees from visiting hunters will be welcomed by many farmers and good sportsmen.

Some day that sort of scheme will probably be the custom. Today would-be pioneers had better tread carefully. Methods of controlling the trespasser problem will take a long time to work out in most areas near cities. Man-proof fences are a terrific expense. But it will have to come some day, for there will be managed game or no game at all within a day's drive of our cities. However, game is public property and cannot legally be sold. It is access to private land which will be sold.

Meanwhile there are plenty of other angles to selling the great outdoors. Dude ranching, professional guiding and associated livelihoods have already absorbed quite a few veterans who know the wilderness and savvy horses and pack animals. An example is Bob Neal and his brother.

Bob is a former Marine who was wounded in the Pacific and got off his field-hospital cot to dispose of a Jap who sneaked in. Today he and his brother run a pack and guiding outfit in the Sun River country of Montana, where they take parties to get moose, elk, deer and grizzlies.

Professional guiding can be an all-season job in the west, for it is possible to start in the north in the summer and move southward as winter approaches. If none of the above old-type services appeals to you, perhaps you can get a share of the \$400,000,000 sportsmen spend annually (*Continued on page 41*)



The Legion: as We Are

The decision to admit WW2 men into The American Legion was a risky experiment. So far it has met with a large measure of success, but the final answer lies in the hearts and minds of millions of young Americans

By RICHARD
SEELYE JONES

AT ITS national convention of 1942 The American Legion amended its constitution to admit veterans of World War Two to membership when they should return to civil life. This decision was a risky experiment, opposed by a minority of the membership because of the chances, first that the invitation would not be accepted, and second that if accepted, the new membership would quickly outnumber the old, take control, and toss the older veterans into the discard. The results of this decision began



Your typical Legionnaire goes for sports. Yes, he's an alley addict



"Keep your eye on that ball!" rings the battlecry from Back Bay to Golden Gate as youthful Legion teams fight it out in stern competition

to be evident in 1945 and 1946, after hostilities ended, and in 1947 the Legion began with more than three million members and the likelihood of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 million before the year's end.

The 11,000 Legion Posts had become more than 16,000, and all the old Posts had grown enormously. Two existing veteran societies had also grown considerably, and two major efforts to start new societies of strictly World War II membership had gathered some members. But the Legion was far out in front, the biggest veterans organization of all time and thrice its former size.

Was the experiment of a two-war Legion a complete success? If the organization with one million members had been a potent force in American life for a

quarter of a century, what would a Legion many times larger accomplish? Would its greater potentialities be immediately effective, or would it, like the old Legion, lose membership for three or four years until it found its own way and place in the life of community, state and nation? The answers to these questions are being written this year, and will be a continued story in 1948 and 1949.

The similarities between the old one-war Legion and the new two-war Legion were numerous. In amending its constitution in 1942 the Legion changed one letter in each of two words of the Preamble to its Constitution, which states the organization's purposes. An *s* was added to both "war" and "association,"



Preponderantly he-man, the nation's strongest service group has women members, most of them in the athletic, under-thirty class



Energetic all-WW2 Housing Committee has Washington gabfest with canny Jack Taylor, Legion Legislative Director and two-war veteran

where the Preamble says "To preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the great wars." The two wars had been fought for similar basic reasons, to defend America against aggression, to defend democracy against autocracy, to preserve liberty and defeat tyranny. The veterans of each might be expected to share alike as civilians the desire to retain the United States, for themselves and their children, as the kind of country they defended.

There were many other similarities between the situation of the returning soldiers and sailors of 1945-'46 and those of 1919, but many differences. The like and the unlike conditions would all have bearing on the course of the new two-war American Legion. Immediate prob-

lems, national and international, were alike in kind and different in degree. The peace of the world was unsettled. The United States was suffering from war's aftermath, high prices, labor unrest, political changes, economic uncertainties. The veterans themselves faced the handicap of years devoted to fighting which had interrupted their education, their jobs, their marrying and settling from boy and girlhood into man and womanhood. They had reason to feel that those who did not bear arms had profited at their expense.

Like the men of 1917-'18, the fighters of 1941-'45 had the natural desire to associate themselves together as civilians to preserve their comradeship-in-arms, to better their own situation, and to im-



More hungry minds are getting academic and on-the-job help than ever before, due to Legion-born GI Bill

prove and advance the welfare of their country. If they accepted the established American Legion as the medium for these purposes they would have one advantage over the first war's veterans. They had a society ready made for them, established and strong, rich in funds and clubhouses and traditions, experienced in getting results. They would be months or years ahead of where the original Legion was when it was started in 1919. Events up to early 1947 indicated that the second war's veterans accepted the Legion as their medium for organized effort because of that fact.

In reviewing the record of the original Legion we divided its reason for being into two parts, the social and fraternal aspects of (*Continued on page 49*)



Bill Feller's Boy

The story of Bob Feller, a real-life fairy tale of a father's dream for his son come true. It could happen only in America

By JACK SHER

FOR HERO WORSHIP, for geared-up personalities, for razzle-dazzle dizziness, rough and tumble glamour, there has never been a decade in sports such as the '20s. It was a time of kings and bums, when Dempsey was in his truculent prime, when the Babe was belting them over the far fences and a man named Jones was scorching the fairways.

One of the youngest spectators of this explosive era was a skinny kid named Robert William Andrew Feller and he lived in a flat, cornbelted, two-by-four Iowa town. In the year 1927, when American sport was at the peak of its golden whirl, this nine year old farm boy with the long, sensitive face and dimpled chin, wound up and pegged a baseball 275 feet. It was a



Yippee, a no-hitter! Manager Vitt hugs Feller in dressing-room delirium scene after 1940 blanking of Chicago. Bobby's looking for his third no-hitter now



A boy slugger at ten. Later he broke in as a pitcher on a Legion Junior team



Dad, Mother and Sister came to Chicago to see Feller hurl against White Sox in 1939. Before Bob won the game, his sixth win that year, his mother was struck by a foul ball

mighty toss for a kid that age. It was the beginning of a storybook career that would match anything created by the gigantic, colorful heroes of the '20s.

Just nine years later, 17-year-old Bobby Feller wound up again and whiffed eight out of nine Cardinal batters, the first big leaguers he had ever faced. It sent players, managers and spectators into a bug-eyed daze. For what they were seeing was an incredible right arm that would bring to baseball of the '30's a new and sorely needed magic.

We had a war, we dropped The Bomb, and Bob Feller's seemingly tireless right arm is still packing 'em. To the Indians of Cleveland, who have owned him for ten years, his box office value is estimated at \$1,250,000 a season. This year he will garner the highest salary in baseball, some \$60,000, plus a cut of the gate, probably more, in all, than Babe Ruth ever collected for a season's play. Last year, his first out of the Navy in four years, he earned in salary and barnstorming a neat \$175,000, led both leagues for the fifth time in strikeouts, chalking up 348 of them. It was an all-time strikeout record.

When Bob Feller walks toward the mound to start pitching a ball game, he creates the same sort of excitement that Ruth did when he delicately mince to the plate to tee off on a ball. Rapid Robert goes into the great, overhead stretch and the fans wait and pray for him to deliver another no hitter. He did it last year against the Yankees. He did

it once before in Chicago in 1940. One more will put him up there with the immortals of the early 1900's, Larry Corcoran of the Cubs and Cy Young of Boston, the only men who have ever racked up three no hitters.

Knowing what made Bobby Feller the greatest pitcher of his generation is what really hits you where you live. Many people know that story, raggedy kids, shirt-sleeved bleacher fans, the boys in the box seats. They know how a Van Meter farmer helped his boy to become a national hero, how he coached him behind the barn, caught the fast balls his son threw, once even at the cost of three broken ribs. But there is more to the story than that. It is a story mixed with the rich ingredients of drama, dreams, determination—an American story, real as dirt and warm as sun.

It really began long before Bobby Feller was born, back in the childhood of his father, William Andrew Feller. Bill Feller was also the son of Iowa farm people, Swiss-French immigrants who led a meager, backbreaking life. It was an existence far removed from things like the new and growing national game of baseball. But young Bill Feller followed the sports pages of his father's weekly paper and became fired with the desire to become a ball player, a big league pitcher.

The land was flat. You could see to where the earth dropped off. And beyond that were the cities, the crowds, the ball parks. It was an impossible dream.

His father, Beck, pointed that out to his son many times as the boy sired him down the long rows of corn under the hot sun. Bill was needed on the farm, there wasn't time or money for gloves, balls, bats. Bill stayed on the farm, but the dream lived with him and some day, he told himself, he would have a son of his own who would become a ball player.

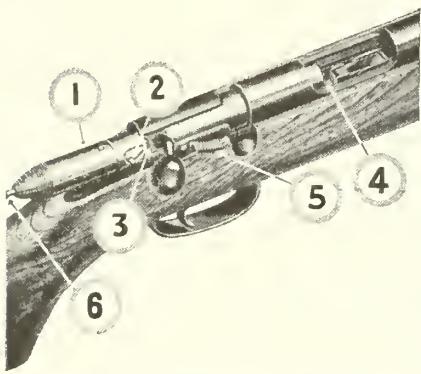
He married, got his own land just outside of Van Meter, 360 acres, and worked it into the most successful farm in the community. Bill Feller was ready for his son. He had time and money. On the day the boy came into the world, Bill looked into the crib and saw a ball player and probably the first thing he touched was the baby's right arm.

When Bobby was three years old, the farm house began to fill up with all the books on baseball that Bill Feller could buy. At six and seven, young Bobby Feller talked about becoming a ball player the way other kids talk about growing up to be a fireman, a cop, a cowboy. At eight, when asked to write an essay about a tree, the Feller boy's words told how an oak could be made into home plate. Bob still has the essay.

It wasn't all pitch and catch behind a barn. There were long hours when the father and son squatted on their haunches and talked about baseball. Bill would read aloud to him from the books, show him pictures of players, diagrams of players.

"Dad reasoned things out with me," Bob says. "He (*Continued on next page*)

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never once gave me an order, or told me what to do or not to do. He didn't make me a ball player, he made me want to become one."

The elder Feller was slightly stooped and muscle-bound from overwork in his boyhood days. Bob wasn't going to be that way. The son went to bed early and got up late. While other farm boys did hard, tiring field work, Bobby Feller rode around on a \$3000 tractor. Bill planted wheat instead of corn because it didn't require so much attention. He was an expert horseshoe pitcher and it was his favorite pastime, but he quit that, too. It took too much time away from Bobby.

The dream kept building and with it conflict. Many of the 410 people in Van Meter, some of them Bill's oldest friends, were critical of the way he treated his son. The kids in the grammar school looked upon the shy, gangling boy as somewhat of a sissy, a "papa's boy." Bob looked at them with his quiet, brown eyes, said nothing, trudged home every night to resume his training.

Even Mrs. Feller worried about the inordinate amount of time the two spent together, the grandiose plans they had, the way they begrudged the coming of dusk, the time when the white baseball became a gray blur in the failing light of an Iowa night.

But the boy and the man clung together stubbornly. They were sufficient unto themselves. They believed. When Bill Feller told his son that some day he would watch him play before thousands of people, some day he would be good enough for big league ball, Bobby never doubted it.

"How does it feel, Bobby?" the father would say, rubbing the boy's arm.

"It feels good, Dad," the boy would answer.

The arm has always been "It." He and his trainer, Lefty Weismann, still refer to the arm as "It," they rub and examine and coddle it and guard it the way Bob's father once did. When reaching for a doorknob, a lightswitch, any object, Feller always uses the left hand. The right is for pitching.

Before Bob was nine, the team of Feller and Son grew to three people. Bill's brother, once a minor league ball player, came around to have a look at the boy. He watched Bob's slow, rhythmic, perfectly timed pitching and he said, in effect, "Mind if I stick around?"

The uncle was still there a few years later when Bob's sister, Marguerite, was born. The three baseball friends trooped into the bedroom, took a brief and affectionate look at the new baby, then dashed back to the living room to hear the rest of the World Series. When it was over, they had a second look at the girl child, then hurried out to the yard for some three-cornered catch.

When Bobby Feller was eleven, the kids

of the small Iowa town began to look at him with a new expression in their eyes. They watched him play ball with grown men, watched him whip the horsehide around so fast it made the others look as though they were handling a pumpkin.

At the age of 12, Bob joined a Junior American Legion team in the nearby town of Adel. He played shortstop and second base. The next year he was second baseman of another Legion team, the Highland Park Club in West Des Moines. Bill drove him to all the games, watched and commented. He was still not ready to unveil his son as a pitcher. He wanted the boy to gain experience with these teams, see how he compared with fellows his own age. He had read the books, he knew the Legion's record for turning out great ball players. Over 188 of these fledglings had become big leaguers.

"I pitched my first complete ball game with a Legion team," Feller said, "the Valley Junction Club. It was a fine bunch. We went to the finals in the state. I'd say I owe a great deal of my success to those Junior Legion teams. The experience was equal to anything I got in semi-pro ball."

About the same time Bob began playing with the Valley Junction outfit, Bill Feller decided to organize a team of his own. The Feller horses dragged a scraper out of the barn and went to work on a level stretch of farm ground, situated beyond a patch of oak trees. When the field was fenced, it became Oak View Park and Bill traveled the Iowa countryside looking for ball players to augment his pitcher.

One of the first games was against the town of Winterset. Bob started at shortstop. In the third inning, nobody out and the bases loaded, Bill Feller sent his son in to the box to see what would happen. Bob struck out the first two batters, then threw out a man making a desperate steal for home.

Bob was fifteen years old. The Feller legend was on its way.

That same year the unbeaten DeSota



"But I don't feel like a shower."
American Legion Magazine

team dropped in to teach the kid a lesson. When he walked out to the box, a storm of laughter and heckling greeted him. "Papa's boy! Papa's boy!" was the chief chant. The tall, 140 pound youngster stuck his glove out straight, went into that stretchy windmill wind-up and sent the first one down the alley. To the batter, it must have looked like a ping-pong ball with jet propulsion. Bobby struck out fifteen men, allowed only one scratch hit in the ninth.

"My Dad told me something before I started the game that day," Feller said. "He told me always to believe I was better than any man who faced me."

In 1935 umpire Pat Donahue worked behind the catcher in one of the semi-pro games Feller pitched. The day before Bob had allowed two hits, fanned 23. On this day, he pitched a one-hitter, whiffing 20. Old Pat Donahue rushed for a telegraph office and wired Billy Evans, then general manager of the Indians.

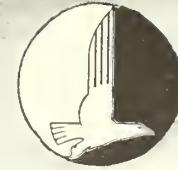
It took two more wires, but Evans finally dispatched his shrewd head scout, Cy Slapnicka, to watch Feller pitch a game in Dayton, Ohio. Dad Feller, in the stands that afternoon as usual, didn't know it, but trained eyes watching Bob's arm rise and fall were about to bring to reality a dream that had started so many years ago on the hot, windswept Iowa farm.

BILL FELLER actually saw his dream come to life on July 22, 1935 when his son, Robert William Andrew Feller, signed his name to a contract that made him the property of a big league team, the Cleveland Indians.

It was really both of the Fellers who joined the club. Bob on the field, Bill in the stands. He never missed a game. Bob's first year up, 1936, his Dad saw him pitch 14 games, whiff 76 men. The result of 17 years of work was down there on the mound performing for him the day Bobby bowled over 17 Philadelphia A's in nine innings. (One for every year of his age.) That trick tied the great Dizzy Dean's single game strike-out record. And his first year in the majors, Bobby Feller finished second to the veteran Lefty Grove in pitching efficiency.

The story is not a completely happy one. What few people knew was that Bill Feller was slowly dying from an incurable disease. All that the ball players, managers and fans saw was a proud, beaming-faced, weatherbeaten man walk out of the ball park every afternoon, his arm linked in that of his tall, serious-faced son.

Bill Feller, the Iowa farmer with a vision, lived to see his son lead the league four times in strikeouts, lived to see him pitch those two miraculous no hitters, lived to see him save the All Star game for the American League in 1939 as he walked to the mound in the 6th with the bases loaded and held the Nationals hitless. lived to



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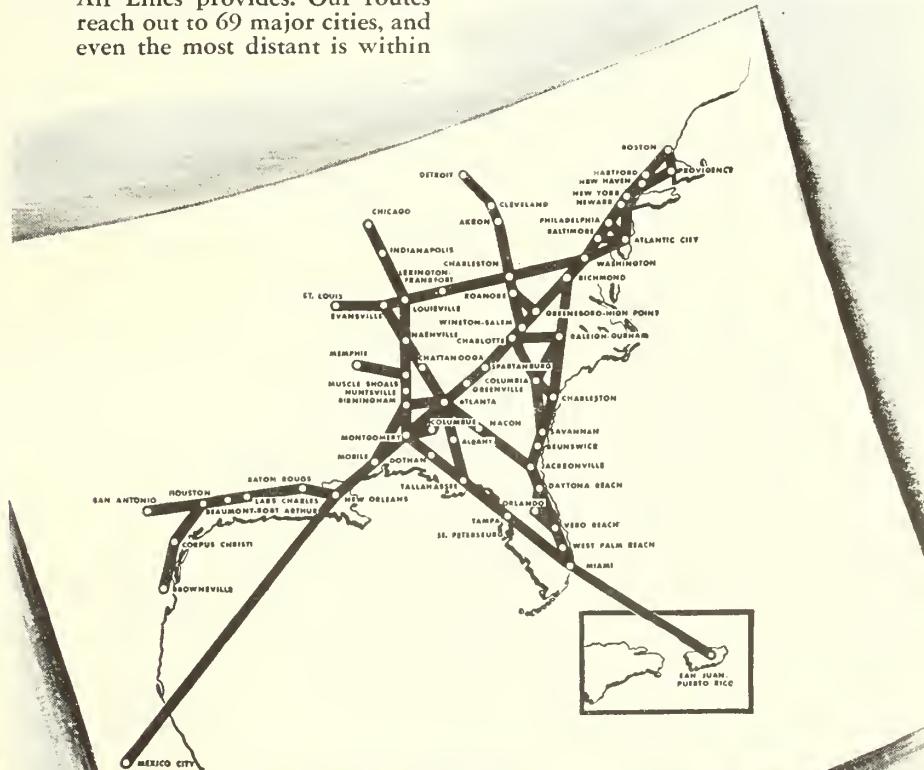
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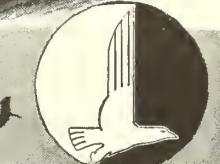
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THOMAS E DEWEY
GOVERNOR

April 7, 1947

Mr. Alexander Gardiner,
Editor, The American Legion Magazine,
One Park Avenue,
New York 16, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Gardiner:

I am happy to send warm greetings to the readers of the American Legion Magazine and to have this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to the out-of-state Legionnaires to New York City for their National Convention, August 28-31, 1947.

I hope our guests will not let pass the opportunity to visit the numerous beautiful and historic places in our Empire State. Many will come by car and I hope they will pause to enjoy the unsurpassed beauty of our rivers and lakes, our mountains, our beaches. We are proud, too, of the many places throughout our State where American history was made. I hope, too, that our citizens can make good on their boast of knowing how to take care of guests on this occasion of the mightiest convention of American veterans ever planned.

The convention comes during times when the overtones of war have not stopped echoing and we face larger problems of our future than ever before. I earnestly hope that this Convention will again be blessed in even greater measure with the wisdom, the patriotism, and the Americanism which have always conspicuously come forth from the deliberations of the American Legion.

With kindest regards and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Thomas Dewey

TED:MM

see ten thousand Iowans crowd into Van Meter to welcome Bobby home and hear the governor of the state make a speech about him.

It was a pretty full life any way you look at it.

Bill Feller was a happy man right up until the day he died.

Perhaps the only genuinely sad moment he had was the day shortly after December 7, 1941, when Bobby signed up to go to war. But that could have been a proud moment, too.

Bob served as a chief gunner on the battleship Alabama. He saw anti-submarine duty in the North Atlantic, was transferred to the Pacific, fought at Saipan, earned eight battle stars and four campaign ribbons. Then, on temporary leave, while Bobby was on his way home in January, 1943, his father passed away.

Bob came home. He said very little. Before he went back to combat duty, he mar-

ried a Waukegan, Illinois, girl, Virginia Winther.

Late in 1945, Bobby Feller was back in a Cleveland uniform again. Along with the speed ball, he had a fast breaking curve. He said that he had always had it, that he had just never needed it before. But when he got in a hole, it was still that blazing, fast one with the hop that pulled him out of it. He pitched nine games in '45, struck out 59 men. Some of the wise heads hanging around the inner circle of baseball said that Feller was slipping. So, last year, Bobby wound up and led the league in strikeouts again, and smashed the all-time strikeout record.

He decided that other kids should be given the same sort of break his father had given him, so he plunked down \$2500 of his own money and in Tampa, Florida, opened up a baseball school. The admission fee was only a love of the game and ambition. Over 70 of the 186 pupils whom

Feller and his big league helpers trained were signed by professional ball clubs.

The Bobby Feller of today is very different from the shy, not yet fully grown kid who came to Cleveland with his Dad that summer of 1936.

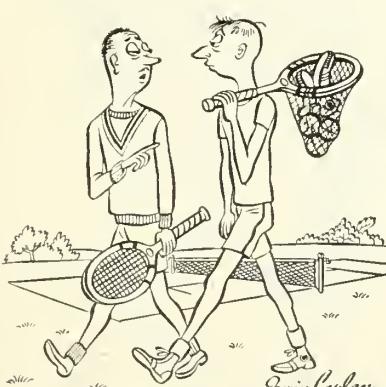
Today he's six feet tall, his best pitching weight is about 187, and other players will tell you that Feller carries above the broad shoulders one of the wisest heads in baseball. When you talk to Feller you sense that. His speech is intelligent, confident, friendly.

It is almost inevitable to compare Bobby Feller with the only man who has ever topped him in salary and drawing power, Babe Ruth. And Ruth, as some have forgotten, was once also one of the greatest hurlers of his time.

No two men could be as different in temperament. All his life, the lovable Babe has been a big, brawling, happy-go-lucky kid. The orphan boy from the poverty-ridden, waterfront streets of Baltimore never changed. The green farm boy did. When he first came to Cleveland, he wore an open shirt, needed a haircut, spoke slowly and not very often. He slept in long, flannel nightgowns, kept to himself, called his teammates "mister."

But by the end of the first season, Feller was one of the best dressed men on the ball club. He learned, with amazing rapidity, that there is more to the game than blazing over a fast one. Today he is the most mature man on the Cleveland club. He is as much at ease with a bank president as he is in the locker room. He handles his business deals as shrewdly as he pitches a ball game.

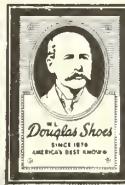
The sly Clark Griffith found that out last summer when he invited Feller to test publicly his speed in the Washington ball park. Griffith installed a chronograph and announced to the press that Feller would be on hand to throw the fastest ball in history. The turnstiles clicked merrily that day. Feller showed up, walked into Griffith's office and asked how many balls he was to throw. Clark said five.



"You'd be surprised how much your game would improve, Kingsley, if you'd just get your racket restrung."

American Legion Magazine

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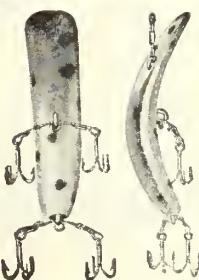
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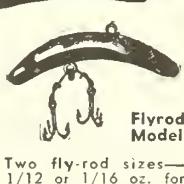
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"Fine," Bobby said. "That will cost you \$200 a ball."

Griffith is not a fast man with the dollar, but he paid up. Bob then walked out to the mound and fired five balls into the machine at 99 miles per hour.

Feller is a capable public speaker and, as a member of Cleveland's Variety Post 313, he has often been booked for talks to other Legion Posts throughout the country. He has even written a book, "Strikeout Story," which was published last month.

The only thing that hasn't changed about Bobby Feller is his love for baseball. He likes to play the game and he likes to talk about it. He enjoys hitting the ball almost as much as he does pitching it and he will always remind you that he was quite a hitter as a kid. He answered without hesitation when asked who was the toughest stick waver he has ever faced.

"Ted Williams," he said. "He's always dangerous. Next to him, I think the hardest to pitch to is Dom DiMaggio."

That surprised me. I was down in the Red Sox dressing room that July 3rd last year when Williams came in scowling and the bespectacled, pint-sized Dom followed him, muttering about his hitless day, saying, "too much Feller out there." It was Bobby Doerr who got the only hit in the 4-1 game. It was the second time Doerr had spoiled a no-hitter for Feller, the first time on May 25, 1939, when Rapid Robert blanked the Sox 11-0.

Feller wants to pitch one more no-hitter. When he retires, he plans to own a ball club of his own. With Ray Doan, an Iowa sports promoter, he has been negotiating for the Denver team in the Class A league.

"I don't want ever to lose touch with the game," he said.

There isn't much chance that he will. With his wife and 14 months old son,

Stephen, he travels back to the farm in Van Meter at least once a year. He likes to look at the ball park out beyond the oaks, the one his Dad and he built. He likes to sit in the living room, still crowded with the baseball books, the gloves and balls and bats he used as a boy.

On a hook near the door is the old catcher's glove Bill Feller used. It will be hanging there long after Bobby Feller sends his last ball sizzling down the alley for a called strike.

THE END

VA INSURANCE MUDDLE

(Continued from page 11)

statement without realizing there were 13,000 other John Smiths in the VA files. In other cases, veterans gave erroneous addresses or serial numbers, and in still others the parents of veterans sent in checks asking that they be used to pay Tom or Bill's premium without giving their sons' full names.

Then, to top off the nightmare, the VA decided to decentralize its insurance organization and spread it out among thirteen branch offices scattered over the nation. This was a wise move, and one long advocated by The American Legion, but it came at an unfortunate time. During most of last year and part of this, in addition to its other headaches, the VA has been coping with the job of shipping hundreds of tons of records out of New York and Washington, training new regiments of personnel in many places, and setting up brand new organizations at the branch offices.

I spent some time at the Chicago branch office, which was the last of the thirteen to be opened, and saw there a picture very much like that which exists or did exist at the other branches. It was not a pretty picture. It was one, in fact, which would



American Legion Magazine

probably cause the average efficiency expert to tear out his hair in handfuls and start screaming, but there were indications that it would grow brighter before long.

The Chicago office is situated in a huge windowless industrial building on West Jackson Boulevard. It is occupied by 1,000 VA employees and one bewildered cat. There, in a rather prison-like atmosphere, all of the insurance business of all the World War II veterans of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana was dumped willy-nilly over a period of a few weeks last winter.

Most of the records came through from New York in 28 big moving vans. One of the vans overturned on a slippery highway in Ohio, rupturing file cases and shuffling documents like so many playing cards, but the stuff in the vans which didn't turn over was in almost as bad shape.

Five hundred thousand of the 1,800,000 account cards received had been filed by New York in numerical sequence only. The first thing Chicago had to do, before it could dream of operating efficiently, was to set up a cross-filing index under which every card was alphabetized to the third letter. This job was just getting well underway when I was there and would take weeks to complete. But that was only one of the backlogs of work and confusion which Chicago inherited from New York.

On dozens of tables, I saw rows of flimsy cardboard boxes stuffed with unposted and unidentified remittances. There were approximately 150,000 of them in all and, in addition, 100,000 dummy cards had been made out for remittances where no card could be found. The office was so far behind in posting remittances, I was told, that a veteran couldn't expect an acknowledgment to a premium payment in less than three months. Checks and money orders were also being held up for as long as six weeks before they were cashed.

But that was lightning fast work compared to the time it was taking to answer letters requesting information. On other tables I saw other fat boxes containing more than 40,000 unanswered letters. I picked up one at random. It was dated December, 1945. Most of the letters, however, had only been lying around for from six to nine months. A platoon of letter writers was nibbling away at the pile but it was slow going because New York had seen fit to answer easy letters promptly but defer the tough ones.

I don't want to exaggerate the situation. By the time you read this the Chicago branch office will probably be doing a better job. The Director of Insurance there, Lincoln Cocheu, who is a veteran himself and was an actuary for a large commercial insurance company before the war, told me he hoped his organization would start seeing daylight within two months. He could even see a time approaching when veterans in his tri-state territory would get their premium receipts within two weeks.

It is true, too, that the conditions which I



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Willie Goes to School at 23

Everybody's joshing Willie Wells about going back to school. They remember when Willie would hide out in the woodshed—scared to bring his report card home to Pa.

But under the G.I. Bill of Rights, Willie (who has a wife and baby) is getting a free education at the Agricultural College. And Uncle Sam is giving him a mighty fine report: "Depotment, excellent; Progress, well above average."

That goes for all those undergraduate veterans. Like Willie, they appreciate an education more than ever now. They're industrious and well-behaved—their favorite beverage is milk, or a temperate glass of beer. For them the "three R's" seem to mean: Responsibility, Resourcefulness, Restraint.

From where I sit, those cynical folks who thought veterans wouldn't want to return to school—and wouldn't stick to steady habits of work and moderation—have their answer in "undergraduates" like Willie.

Joe Marsh

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found in Chicago may have been the worst in the nation, because that was the last branch office to open. As this is written, I am informed that VA branches in Boston, Richmond, St. Louis and Dallas are starting to get on the ball in an at least halfway efficient manner, but veterans who live in the states served by the other branches—New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Columbus, St. Paul, Denver, Seattle and San Francisco—report that the insurance service they are getting is as bad as Chicago's.

IN one hair-raising case in the West, for example, a man who had paid his premiums every month for eighteen months was informed that his insurance had been in a state of lapsation during all that period because he hadn't filled out his Rein-statement Application correctly. Then, when the policy was reinstated, he was given no credit for the money he had paid in. Since he had wisely kept his cancelled checks, an American Legion service officer was able to get this man's account straightened out, but if he had died during the eighteen months when he was uncovered or had failed to keep his cancelled checks it would have been just too bad.

Much of the gross inefficiency which infests the VA's insurance operation is due to circumstances beyond the VA's control, as I've tried to point out—but not all of it. Certainly there has been a failure in the educational program to date when so many veterans have been left in the dark about the importance of keeping their insurance and the steps needed to reinstate it. Instead of being urged to keep their insurance when they passed through separation centers, some servicemen were actually advised to forget all about it. Never was any insurance so poorly sold.

It is no secret, moreover, that a certain amount of the present confusion has resulted from an overgenerous infiltration of

brass into executive jobs in the VA. Instead of hiring experienced insurance men, the VA has taken on retired Regular Army officers in many instances, and friction has resulted between this so-called "Army of Occupation" and older VA executives. The brass became such a nuisance in some places, in fact, that General Omar N. Bradley, Veterans Administrator, had to issue a directive prohibiting the use of military titles in VA offices.

And just *why*, one wonders, haven't more real insurance experts been called in?

In Washington, I put that question up to Harold W. Breining, Assistant Administrator of Veterans Insurance. I pointed out that T. O. Kraabel, National Rehabilitation Director of the American Legion, had suggested to General Bradley last January that a team of expert personnel, familiar with the intricacies of insurance management and record-keeping, be appointed to examine the veterans insurance situation and evolve a solution without delay. I asked if anything had been done about it.

Mr. Breining told me that nothing had been done. The VA has all the insurance "know-how" which is necessary, he said, and the problem from now on is merely one of getting the decentralized organization to operating in full gear. The foundations of an efficient organization have been laid, he declared, and most of his 20,000 employees now understand their jobs and are pulling together. Mr. Breining appeared quite optimistic, in fact, but he would make no predictions on when veterans will get the kind of insurance service which the American people want them to have.

Certainly we all hope that Mr. Breining's optimism is justified and there is every reason to believe that the insurance muddle will be cleared up in time. It couldn't get much worse. Meanwhile, every veteran who is having insurance

IMP-ULSES

by Ponce de Leon



American Legion Magazine

grieves will be wise to bear with them yet a while and not become discouraged.

This is because NSLI policies, as I have said before, are a swell buy. It is difficult to compare them with policies sold by commercial companies, because in most cases they represent a quite different kind of merchandise. Speaking generally, however, Government insurance is from 15 to 20 percent cheaper than any other variety on the market. You can purchase a lot of protection for comparatively little cash.

A 30-year-old veteran, for example, can carry \$1,000 worth of level premium term insurance, of the same type he had in the service, for only 71 cents a month. Congress has added three years to the term of all the policies issued prior to January 1, 1946, moreover, which means you can carry this cheap form of policy for eight years from the date of issue before having to convert it to permanent plan insurance.

For veterans who are ready to convert to permanent plan insurance now, six attractive plans are offered—ordinary life, 30-payment life, 20-payment life, 20-year endowment, endowment at age 60, and endowment at age 65. Uncle Sam offers a real insurance opportunity to fit every veteran's needs, purse and future prospects.

Now, to help you take advantage of these opportunities, here are a few tips on how to do business with VA.

1—For information and rates on the various forms of NSLI available, obtain a copy of VA Pamphlet 9-3 from your local VA office or the service officer of your Legion Post. It tells the whole story.

2—To reinstate your insurance, obtain an "Application for Reinstatement" (form 9-353a), fill it out and send it, together with a remittance for twice the amount of the monthly premium at the time of default, to your local VA.

3—in all communications to the VA, always give (a) your full name, (b) your Insurance Certificate or Policy Number, (c) your Service Serial Number, and (d) your complete address.

4—if you don't remember any of the numbers mentioned above, give (a) your grade or rating and organization at the time of your original application for insurance, (b) the date of your discharge from the service, and (c) the date and place of your birth.

5—in paying your premiums use the envelope sent to you for the purpose and write your Policy Number on the face of your check or money order.

6—if you fail to receive premium notices or receipts, keep paying your premiums regularly anyway, and *hang on to your cancelled checks or money order stubs*. If necessary, they'll provide proof you're paid up.

7—if you have received no replies to your letters, write again giving full particulars. In some VA offices, the last letters received are the first to be answered.

8—if you can't get satisfaction by mail,



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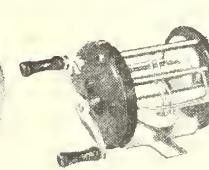
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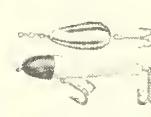
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take your problem personally to a VA contact man. If he lets you down, too, furnish full details to your Legion Post service officer. He'll go to bat for you just as the Legion always has for ex-servicemen.

I cannot guarantee that following these tips will relieve you of all anguish in your dealings with the VA, but they should help. The important thing is to be patient, hold on tight, and remember that your insurance is a precious possession, not something devised to give you high blood pressure.

The largest personal benefits which veterans as a whole have derived from their military service are the rights to Government hospitalization and Government insurance. It is a great pity that so many ex-service people are failing to take advantage of the second of these privileges. By keeping or reinstating their insurance now, while they are young and rates are low, millions of men and women can guarantee future security and prosperity for themselves and their families.

THE END

* * *

National Commander Paul H. Griffith has conferred with the Administrator of Veterans Affairs on the widespread complaints about the National Service Life Insurance program of the Veterans Administration. General Bradley frankly admitted the unsatisfactory conditions that have prevailed and stated to the National Commander on March 6, 1947:

An inventory started March 10, 1947, showed there still were about one and a half million records out of place, according to General Bradley's statement to Commander Griffith on April 4, 1947. Assurances have been given by the Administrator that the whole problem will be solved as promptly as humanly possible.

National Commander Griffith reiterates the program of The American Legion to inform and assist all World War II veterans to reinstate some, if not all, of the National Service Life Insurance they carried in service. Provisions for reinstatement now are very liberal. They expire August 1, 1947. See your American Legion Service Officer or nearest VA station at once.



American Legion Magazine

**Veterans
with Ideas**

Sitting Pays Off

A former B-29 pilot and an ex-infantry officer are putting baby sitting in the big business bracket in Omaha. They've gone into the business on a mass production basis, and the babies are paying off.

Ernest Bundgaard, the infantryman, and Jack Napier, the flyer, are the founders of the Pied Piper Registered Sitter Services, Inc., which opened for business a few weeks ago.

It all started when the pair were unable to get reliable sitters for their own children. Often, they say, they were forced to pay as much as a dollar an hour.

It was after this that the two decided to take the baby-sitting business out of the spare time category, and put it on a business-like basis in Omaha.

They opened deluxe offices in an Omaha building, and are trying to enroll up to 700 reliable sitters from Omaha high schools and colleges. All sitters are required to be more than 17 years old, and furnish references. Some are parents themselves, and a lot of them are veterans, both men and women.

The firm is bonded under city and state laws. The business has a doctor and nurse on call 24 hours a day who will take care of any of the charges until the regular family doctor arrives.

The new veteran sitting concern charges a set fee of 50 cents an hour, of which the firm keeps a dime for booking the job.

They have divided the city into sections and give the jobs to the nearest registered sitter in their bureau.

And just to make it entirely respectable, the firm has a rule that all girl and women sitters must be escorted to their homes after the job. "We're putting this job on a par with other services," Napier explains.

Eventually they expect to send out some 200 sitters every evening, which on an average of three hours per sitting job should net them about \$60 a night.

In short, the two Omaha veterans are really sitting pretty.—By Dan Valentine

Fight Promoter

Lying in a hospital in France, with a jagged wound in his side and an arm and leg gone, Peter Montesi planned his post-war career. He had been an amateur boxer and since he could no longer box because of his injuries, he decided to become a boxing promoter.

He had discovered he had a talent for this on the nine-day crossing from the U. S. Noticing that some of the boys seemed depressed he livened things up by staging 65 official boxing contests on board

ship. And, after landing in France, he staged a show for his comrades by matching French boys with our own GI's.

On his discharge in January 1946, Pete organized the Danbury (Connecticut) Boxing Club in his spare time, where young men are taught boxing free of charge under competent instructors. He bought a public address system, lights, chairs, 12 sections of bleachers and all sorts of boxing equipment, paying for it with proceeds from fights.

In one year since his discharge he has conducted ten successful boxing shows, with others planned. Part of the proceeds from a recent fight went to the infantile paralysis fund. Pete made the contribution to help others worse off than himself.—By Mrs. Peter Montesi

Tie Swappers

Neekties—a surplus commodity hanging on every man's tie rack the day after any Christmas—are making a fine living for a couple of ex-GIs, who have recently formed The Neektie Club of America, doing business at 25 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.

Daniel R. Prosnit and Hubert K. Simon, are the founders of the club which is already doing business in 15 states. For five of your old ties plus a dollar bill, the ex-servicemen will send back to their customers five re-cleaned ties that they received from somebody else. It's surprising how easy it is to satisfy the swappers.

They once received three solid black ties, such as issued by the army before 1942, from an old army man, but the necktie club found a ready market.

A mortician in North Carolina was glad to get the sombre-looking cravats in exchange for some gaudy striped ones that he had no use for. The deal left all parties satisfied.—By C. J. Papara

Boat Builder

One Columbus, Ohio, veteran is using war surplus material to turn out small boats that won't sink and should last a lifetime. This plan to build boats for sportsmen occurred to ex-Sergeant P. P. Huddy when he passed a depot filled with spare gas tanks for large navy planes.

He bid for, and bought, the whole stock of tanks. He then brought his brother-in-law, a World War I veteran, into the business and together they designed the boat they are now turning out in large numbers. It weighs 125 pounds, is 11 feet long, and has a pontoon on each side. It is made from 20-gauge steel and can take a lot of hard knocks. The air-tight pontoons make it almost impossible to sink; it floats even when full of water. The boat is intended for use as a rowboat, but a small outboard motor can easily be attached.

Huddy has arranged for a Columbus concern to manufacture them in large quantities. He has already sold them in considerable numbers and has advance orders for several hundred more. A large hardware supply house is going to sell his boat, and leave him free to handle orders and advertisement. The early popularity of this unusual boat points toward a big future for the veterans who built it.—By George Laycock



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MASSACREE

(Continued from page 13)

Dan Tullow snapped. "All oiled, loaded with that round, and in good shootin' order. This ain't goin' to be no hit and miss war. It's goin' to be scientific. Both armies the same size, with the same amount of ammunition and ability. When the war is over, I'll declare the winner, and the civilian survivors can go back to work. Now git goin', officer."

The sheriff stumbled out, and Dan closed his eyes, dreamily teetering in his chair as he made another attempt to remember a tender Irish ballad that had been eluding him for a week.

A few minutes before three, the doors of the two saloons in Gopher Gulch swung open, and fifteen men, each carrying a rifle, came out of each door. Silent and grim, the two groups walked slowly toward the mayor's office, and each other. The cattlemen were led by a tall marksman named Luke Moyne. The sheepmen followed a giant warrior called Pete Marino. The two armies came together and stopped at the door of Dan's office. They eyed each other in stony silence. They were stiff-legged, and extremely careful to avoid any incidents that might touch off the war before Dan Tullow had his say. And they feared Dan's wrath. With studied politeness the cattlemen motioned for the sheepmen to go in first, but the latter, with much silent ceremony, declined the honor and requested the cattlemen to precede them.

The sheriff ran from one side to the other, sweating forced cheerfulness. "Mayor's waitin'," he puffed, trying to show the impartiality of his friendship. "Remember, boys—ha ha—no fireworks till after the Mayor has spoke his piece."

"Stop fidgetin' and come in!" Dan Tullow bellowed.

Luke and Pete started through the doorway at the same time. It was too narrow, but neither would give ground. Silently,

pushing with all their strength, they squeezed through, nose to nose, trying to glare one another down. Their followers crowded in behind them. The sheepmen went to the right, lining up behind Pete. The cattlemen moved to the left, forming a line of skirmishers behind Luke.

Mayor Tullow took no notice of this jockeying for position. He sat upright behind his desk, a huge stack of law books at his elbow, and he was busy writing something with a scratchy pen. He was dressed in the severely cut black suit he only wore on the most formal occasions, such as assuming office, and funerals of law-abiding citizens. His usual battered headpiece had been replaced by a high-crowned sombrero of dazzling white.

The sheriff tip-toed to Dan's desk with the guilty air of a boy who is about to toss a garter snake at the teacher. He scuffed his feet and cleared his throat. Dan didn't look up.

"I brought the boys, Mayor," the sheriff said. "Now, if you don't mind, I've got some sherrifin' to do. Seems somebody broke into Mrs. Hopkin's vegetable cellar last night and stole some cabbages. Thought I'd better investigate. Can't overlook my duty towards the citizens, no matter how small the complaint."

Dan lifted one hand in a gesture of dismissal. The sheriff smiled and tip-toed toward the door. "Scuse me, boys," he whispered happily as he went out. "Official business callin'. Duty before pleasure. Matter of official business to look after."

Dan continued his pen scratching after the sheriff had gone. The men he had called in became restless.

"What you want with us, Mayor?" Luke Moyne demanded.

Mayor Tullow looked up silently. He stretched his long wrinkled neck over the side of his chair and let go at the cuspidor. Then he stood up slowly. "Just orderin' thirty pine boxes for you boys," Dan said. "I was specifyin' that the lids had to be strong enough not to buckle under six foot of dirt piled above."

Dan addressed the assembled men.

"Fellow citizens," Dan began solemnly, "I understand that you are mad at each other and intend to settle the matter with shootin'."

"That's right!" Luke shouted. "Them sheep is destroyin' the grazin' land."

"Hanh!" Pete Marino bellowed. "You think you need the whole country for your cows. We show you!"

Mayor Tullow beat on his desk with the butt of his six-shooter to restore order.

"Taxpayers and voters," Dan said, nodding at both groups, "both of you outfits has elected me to this office. Far as I know, no sheep or cattle has voted. So if there's killin' to be done, I don't want any of them innocent critters gettin' winged by the bad shootin' of any amatchoors that might decide to fire off their weapons."



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"What are you gittin' at, Mayor?" Luke gestured impatiently with his rifle. "We didn't come to hear no campaign talk. What for you wastin' good sheepherder killin' time?"

Dan looked at him severly. "There'll be no wasted time. That's why I've called you people in. If there's gonna be a war, we don't want a lot of workin' time and ammunition wasted by the usual small fry snipin' and killin' one at a time in the old-fashioned way. This is gonna be a scientific range war. If there's got to be a massacre, let it be all at once. The way I figure, the war will be over about ten seconds after I get it officially started. Now, Luke, which one of them ornery low-down sheepherders you shootin' at when I give the signal?"

Luke looked over the group across the room. "Pete," he said grimly.

"Now," Dan turned to the furious sheepman named as target, "You, Pete, which black-hearted range hog you gonna drill?"

"I'm a-gonna git Luke afore he gits me," Pete growled.

Dan Tullow beamed with satisfaction. "Fine," he said. He kept on until every man in the room had picked a target and had been picked as a target.

"Thanks to the cooperation of you fine citizens," Dan said, "the war is workin' out accordin' to plan. Every man is gonna shoot at the man who is shootin' at him. You all bein' crack shots, I figger everybody will get killed all at once, and the war will be over, with no unwillin' parties bein' shot."

"Now," Dan continued, "I'm gonna give you the order to draw your beads. Then I'll count to three, even and slow, and then I'll fire my pistol in the air. My shot will be your signal to start shootin'. Anybody that jumps the gun gets shot at by me. Everybody ready?"

There was a shuffling of feet and the sound of hands gripping rifles more firmly.

"Draw your beads," Dan ordered crisply, picking up his revolver.

Thirty rifles slid to thirty shoulders, and each man, sighting down his barrel, looked also into the muzzle of a loaded rifle aimed directly at him. It was very

quiet. For a long moment the only sound in the room was the irritated buzzing of a fly trying to fly out of the window and not understanding about the glass.

"One," Dan droned.

"Wait a minute, Mayor." Luke Moyne lowered his rifle.

"What's the matter, Luke?"

"There ain't room to shoot in here," Luke grumbled. "If I can't hold my elbows out, I can't aim good. I'm bein' crowded, and I can't hold my elbows out."

Pete Marino lowered his rifle. "If Luke wants to back out," Pete said, "I'll let him do it now."

"I'm not backin' out," Luke flared. "But a man's got a right to his natural shootin' habits."

"Step forward a pace, Luke," Dan suggested. "You'll get plenty of room that way."

Luke stepped forward and raised his rifle, his elbows out like wings. "This shore is better," he said loudly. "I'm ready."

"All together now," Dan said, pleased to have smoothed things out. "One . . ."

"Hold it, Mayor," Pete grunted. "Let's keep this fair and square."

"Meanin' what, Pete?" Dan asked softly, spinning his pistol around his forefinger.

"The light's in my eyes," Pete growled. "Luke is standin' in front of a winder, and I can't see him good."

"I ain't the kind who takes unfair advantages," Luke sneered. "If Pete wants to back down now and wait for a cloudy day, I'll oblige."

"I don't back down," Pete snarled at Luke. Dan Tullow pulled down the shade. The room was suddenly quite dark. Dan returned to his desk. "Now," Dan said testily, "I won't stand for no more excuses. There's shootin' to be done, and bodies to fall. One . . ."

"Stop countin', Mayor!" a cowboy yelled.

"Dammit, what now?" Dan shouted, spitting angrily.

"My sheepherder," the cowboy said. "The one I'm to shoot at. He's gone."

"I ain't gone," a voice growled from



"... and remember when we were kids . . . playing Cowboys and Indians? . . ."

American Legion Magazine

the corner. "I figure if Luke Moyne's got a right to his natural shootin' habits, I got a right to mine. I ain't never learned to shoot standin' up. I shoot good layin' down, like this."

Dan Tullow pulled a huge silver watch from his pocket. "Now look here," he complained, "I ain't got all day. Mayor's a busy man, you know. I'm gonna start countin' once more, and I ain't stoppin' for nobody. Is that clear?"

"Before you start countin'," Luke said. "I'd like to give Pete the chance to say his prayers. I'll wait. I got respect for a man's religious feelin's."

"I PRAY," Pete said. He took off his black hat and bowed his big shaggy head. Every other hat in the room was likewise removed. "Lord," Pete said, "have mercy on this dumb cowboy I am gonna send up to You in a couple minutes. He like to wear fancy wool shirt, but he don't understand the wool come from the sheep, and the sheep he has to eat too. He want to keep the whole country for a bunch of old cows. When I send him up, Lord, maybe You talk to him, tell him it ain't right to be greedy. He very stubborn, but maybe he listen to You. Amen."

Pete finished his prayer, shot a triumphant look at Luke, and clapped his hat back on his head. "All set, Mayor," Pete said to Dan. "But if Luke care to say a prayer, I wait for him."

"I'll keep us even," Luke grunted. He whipped off his hat, and again all hats came off and all heads bowed. "Lord," Luke said, "You've just heard Pete's side of the story. But I'm askin' for mercy to be showed him even if he did tell everything one-sided, because he'll soon be on his way to You. Cattle has to eat too, Lord. Pete's scornful of them now, but there ain't anybody in Ponacaw County that eats more steak than him. And as fer takin' the whole range, it's the sheepmen who don't want to share. Amen."

"That ain't true," Pete protested to Dan when Luke's prayer was finished. "We'll share the range."

"You eaves-dropped on my prayin'," Luke said wrathfully.

"You listened to mine too. You try to get me in wrong with Heaven."

"You didn't tell the Lord you had a hundred thousand sheep ruinin' the range," Luke accused.

"I got only ten thousand," Pete shouted back. "And all the range I want is south of Cactus Canyon. You never use that for the cows, but you fight to keep it from us."

"Why didn't you say that was what you wanted?" Luke bellowed.

"Who can talk to stubborn bull-headed like you?"

"Don't you insult me!" Luke roared. "It ain't healthy." He pointed with his left

hand at a fly crawling on the wall. He lifted the rifle with his right, and fired, all in one motion. A neat hole appeared in the wall where the fly had been.

"You can't scare me," Pete sneered, his face white. "I show you." He lifted his own rifle with one hand and fired. The bullet went into the hole made by Luke's bullet. Pete grinned, and Luke licked his lips.

A cowboy stepped forward suddenly and put a bullet into the same hole. A moment later his sheepherder opponent matched the shot.

"Stop!" Dan yelled, pounding his desk. "You doin' it all wrong!" His words were drowned out by the booming of rifles as the rest of the men in the room fired at the hole in the wall. When it was over, a piece of the wall the size of a silver dollar had been shot out.

The men looked at the hole, at each other, and finally, at Dan Tullow, who stood erect and indignant in his black suit, his blue eyes looking bleak and cold. "Now re-load and let's get to the killin'," Dan ordered. "You ain't leavin' until this matter has been settled."

We ain't got no more ammunition, Mayor," Luke said. "We was told to bring one round apiece."

"I'll send out for more," Dan snapped.

Luke looked at the wall, and at the little hole the thirty bullets had made. "Now see here, Mayor," Luke said, taking care not to glance at Pete. "If Pete has seen the error of his ways, and is willin' to talk things over the way I've suggested, I think the whole thing can be settled peaceable."

"What Luke means," Pete said, looking at Dan Tullow's set face, "is that he's seen how he's been in the wrong, and if he wants to talk it over the way I said, that's all right with me."

"Well," Dan said softly. He stroked his white mustache and looked down at Luke and Pete, who stood shoulder to shoulder before him. "If this ain't been one hell of a massacre."

"Now you look here, Mayor," Luke said angrily. "You can just tear up that order for the coffins. You ain't gonna talk me into any fool killin'."

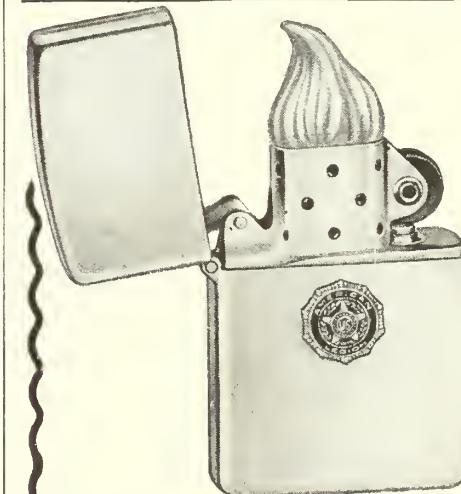
"Yah," Pete echoed, glaring at Dan. "What's the idea, Mayor? You was always a nice guy, why you try to start troubles now? You become bloodthirsty old man, tryin' to start a range war. But we no kill each other because that old man say so. Eh, Luke?"

Luke put his hand on Pete's shoulder. "Pard," he said, "We ain't gonna let no politician cause bad blood between us and you. Come on, Pete, let's leave this gun-crazy old coot and go to the Hairless Dog and talk this thing over like peaceable citizens. The drinks are on us."

"We buy the drinks," Pete said generously. "Bring your boys to the Whiskey

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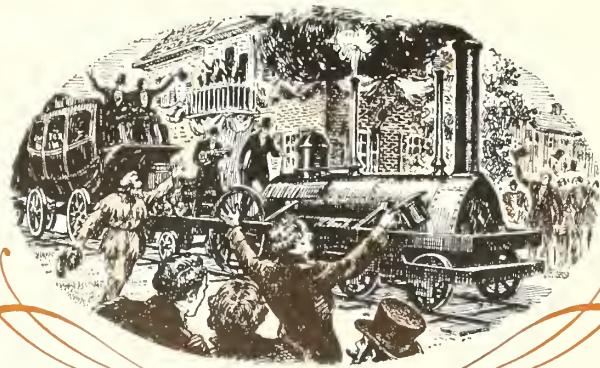
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Parlor, where their ain't no old trouble-makers."

"I ast you to the Hairless Dog first," Luke said. "The cowboys is buyin'."

"The sheepmen is buyin'," Pete insisted.

Dan Tullow sat down in his swivel chair. "Now look here . . ."

"You keep outta this, Mayor," Luke shouted. "You been makin' enough trouble."

"Yah," Pete growled. "Schemin' to git everybody killed."

"Settle it outside," Dan snapped. "Clear out. I got some Mayorin' to do."

The cattlemen and sheepmen stomped outside to the street, muttering about the bloodthirsty scoundrel they'd elected to be Mayor, who'd almost tricked them into slaughtering each other over a little thing like whether cows or sheep would use a certain range. Dan Tullow leaned back in his chair and watched them go, his drooping white mustache hiding a faint smile.

A moment later the door opened slowly and a round, apprehensive face peered in. Seeing no blood or bodies on the floor, the sheriff came into the room. "I heerd shootin', Dan," the sheriff said, wiping his red face with a bandanna. "How'd the trouble get settled?"

"Trouble?" Dan asked innocently. "What trouble, Sheriff? This is a peaceful, law-abidin' community. We don't have no trouble here."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," the fat sheriff said worriedly. "I've just seen Miz Hopkins. The feller that broke into her vegetable cellar got away with three cabbages and a gallon jug of dandilion wine she's been savin' agin sickness."

Mayor Dan Tullow shook his white head and sighed. "Well, Sheriff," Dan said philosophically, "we got to expect things like that. I guess even the finest communities has their criminal element." Dan put on his hat and pulled it down over his eyes. He lifted his booted feet to an open desk drawer and slowly teetered back and forth in his chair in time to a tender Irish ballad that flowed gently through his mind.

THE END



American Legion Magazine

SELLING GREAT OUTDOORS

(Continued from page 21)

on dogs. Possibilities exist in breeding good hunting dogs, training pups or setting up a boarding kennel for dogs whose owners cannot keep them in cities.

Then too, there are some lakes where there is room for more boating services to fishermen, and there are new lakes and newly stocked lakes where fishermen will be coming for the first time. Ex-GI Brown runs a boat livery on Green Mountain Lake, Colorado. A reclamation service dam on the Blue River impounded a lake seven miles long. Fishermen flocked there and Brown was on hand to rent out boats and outboard motors. Clayton Daniels does the same, and supplies bait as well, at Storm Lake, Iowa.

Every newspaper and magazine editor in the country knows that people are always interested in animals. Men who have trained in the photographic field can find a career in securing exceptional outdoor and wildlife pictures. The still pictures of gamebirds and animals are always in demand for outdoor magazines and rotogravure sections, and you need only thumb through any magazine to note how many advertisers dress their pages up with stunning pictures of animals and open countryside, either photos or paintings.

I know of several fellows who spend their summers securing outstanding 16 mm. movies of wildlife, and reap good returns showing these and lecturing before sportsmen's clubs, museum audiences and other organizations during the winter.

The insatiable appetite of the public for information about wildlife goes far beyond photography. There is the large and moderately prosperous brotherhood of outdoor writers who live by turning out articles and fiction with the breath of the outdoors. There are the professional collectors of live animals for zoos, or skins for museums—and there are the taxidermists.

YES, there are a thousand and one ways to be your own boss, selling the great outdoors. I haven't scratched the surface. I haven't mentioned selling, repairing and renting sporting equipment; or the many men who make their bread and butter trapping fur-bearing animals; or deep-sea fishing boat skippers. A real oddity I haven't mentioned are the fellows who make a whole or part-time job of collecting blobs of spruce-pitch from old forest trees to be made into genuine spruce gum. I haven't touched on fox-farms, mink farms, chinchilla farms. I would like to close with a tip to inventors.

There's a terrific market for sportsmen's gadgets and there is always room for improvement of old ones or for brand new products to make hunting and fishing more free of petty annoyances.

In the future as in the past some bright



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boys are going to make anything from cigarette money to a fortune out of the invention and sale of new devices. One way to get an idea is to spot a petty nuisance and figure how to correct it. For years duck hunters who were also fishermen took casting rods and bass plugs into duck blinds so they could cast across a downed bird near the blind and retrieve it. Within the past year a special, patented, hook-fitted plug based on that idea has been put on the market.

Another company offers a bag that can be slipped over a deer carcass to keep it clean and fend off flies. Modified K-rations that hunters, fishermen and hikers can take afield is another opening either on a local or national mail-order basis. Make better gadgets sportsmen can use and you'll be in the business of selling the great outdoors.

THE END

NO DEPRESSION NECESSARY

(Continued from page 9)

back to normal, just as no one but a blind optimist would say that we do not have a lot of work yet to do in organizing the peace.

The great jobs remaining to be done, and the adjustments which are continuously taking place in our economy, have resulted in some more gloomy forecasts that we are due shortly for another major collapse. There are some who feel that because \$10,000 mink coats are no longer selling like hot cakes we are now on the road to disaster.

Are we? I say no.

At present, the after-effects of war are still distorting our economy. It is therefore unusually difficult to see what is coming very far in advance. But there are two general points we can make.

The first is that further economic adjustments will continue to be necessary. In our vigorous and creative economy that

situation is not new. In the past there have been frequent—and even constant—adjustments and readjustments as new situations arose. We have never gone for very long without fluctuations in the level of business activity and of employment.

We are now engaged in a tremendous task of re-directing the greatest industrial plant in the world, and many balances have to be maintained.

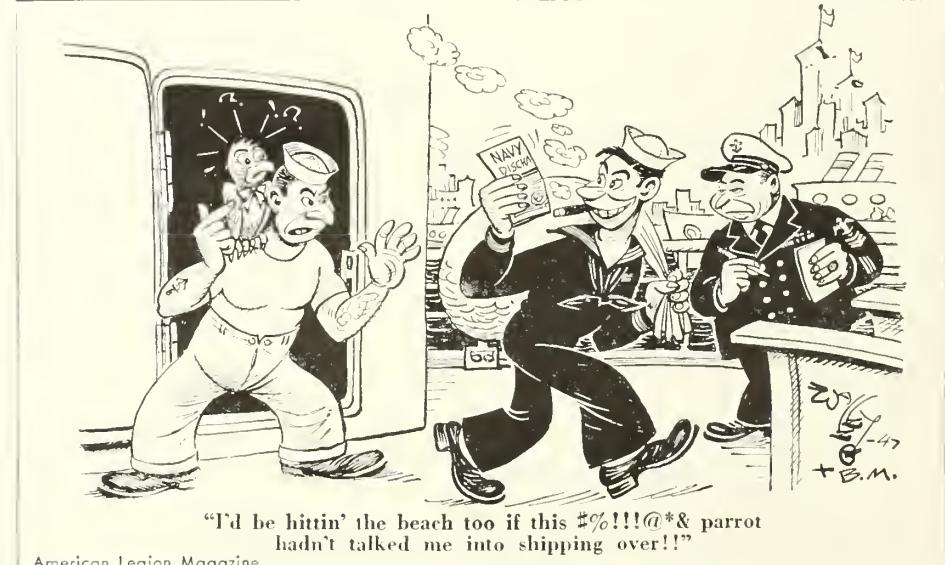
During the war the Government purchased more than one-half of our total output. That proportion has rapidly declined since V.J Day, and we are still accommodating our economy to the change. An excess of demand for non-durable consumer goods such as food and clothing is gradually being reduced, but production still has some distance to go to catch up with our needs for durable consumers goods such as refrigerators and automobiles, and a long way to go in the field of housing.

For some time a portion of our national output has gone to fill the pipelines of our production and distribution systems—the shelves of our warehouses and retail stores. Eventually these shelves will fill up. When that happens we will be faced with the adjustment problem of maintaining a balance between our present high level of production and demand.

Our foreign trade has been at a very high level, both because of the great need of other countries for the goods we are able to provide and because of our willingness to come to the aid of people in distress through relief and to extend loans for their purchases for reconstruction. We have still ahead of us the problem of keeping the volume of our commerce with the world at large and at the same time of putting it on a self-sustaining basis.

We have still to complete the transition from a situation in which there is a general excess of demand in relation to production, to a balance between demand and production.

These adjustments will cause declines in



American Legion Magazine



"I am trying to reach your husband. But all I get is mocking laughter and cracks like, 'I may be dead but I ain't crazy'."

American Legion Magazine

some lines of production, a shift and reduction in the pattern of inflationary price pressures, and will cause employment to fluctuate. The prophets of gloom will have a number of symptoms to which they can point with misgiving.

However, the second thing which I feel we can say at the moment with assurance is that another big economic collapse in the United States is not inevitable. No responsible person, aware of the complexities which confront us, would venture to predict that we can hope to iron out every wrinkle in the curve of our economic activity. Yet, we successfully accomplished one of the greatest economic adjustments in history—converting our production to war—and we are well along in the even more complex task of reconversion to peace-time production. On the basis of our record, I think we have reason to feel confident that we can finish the job.

Psychologically, we are in a better position today for handling a possible recession than we were in the late 1920's. Then, everyone talked about the advent of a new era of "permanent prosperity" and soberly discussed the fact that we had reached a new "higher economic plateau." Our complacency in that period accentuated the disillusionment of the crash when it came.

Today, in contrast, many people are intelligently concerned about the future. There are a few, of course, who are resigned to the inevitability of another catastrophic depression. Despite their misgivings, I see in the present situation a hopeful sign. The fact that we are giving thought to the possibility of a recession is in itself a reassurance that the dangers are foreseen and provides hope that they can be avoided.

Whatever might come, we will be facing

difficulties that we have struggled with before. We have learned a lesson from our last experience. We know now that a high level of business activity is not something that happens automatically. It is something which we have to nurture through our good sense and foresight. We have learned that depressions can be attacked by concerted action, and we have learned a little about how to do it. We have all seen the tragic consequences of mass unemployment and economic stagnation; and we are determined to take the early steps necessary if the threat should appear again.

We now have an economy which is equipped with a number of built-in shock absorbers. Unemployment insurance, farm price supports, insured bank deposits, and the checks on stock market speculation are some of the devices that will afford us a measure of protection should another emergency arise.

However, taking stock of our situation at this time suggests that we should be looking toward our opportunities for more efficient production and distribution rather than only to the cushions we might have available in case of a set-back.

Our economy is vigorous. Production is high and productive efficiency appears to be on the increase. The volume of private savings is still substantial. Demand for a long list of products is still much larger than current production. Because our ad-

justments to date in reconversion have been made without noticeably affecting employment, consumers' incomes continue to be high. Despite the substantial price increases, we have escaped a runaway inflation.

We have it in our power to make the adjustments necessary in 1947 gradually, industry-by-industry, and without calamity. But we should remain vigilant.

Obviously the first thing we can do in heading off a possible slump is to keep our prosperity from getting out of control. The most severe dangers of an inflationary spiral now appear to be behind us. But some prices will bear watching.

There are several steps we can take now to further strengthen our position.

Labor, business, and farmers can help by working together to stimulate production in all lines. Wartime controls have been removed as rapidly as has been feasible, and the actions of all individuals now influence the tempo of our business activities directly.

Businessmen can help by holding prices and lowering them as quickly as practicable—working on the principle of high volume operation and low margin of profits. Labor can help by the exercise of moderation in demands for wage rate increases which necessitate price rises. Restraint at the moment must be our watchword.

Government, with the help of the major economic groups, can then render further

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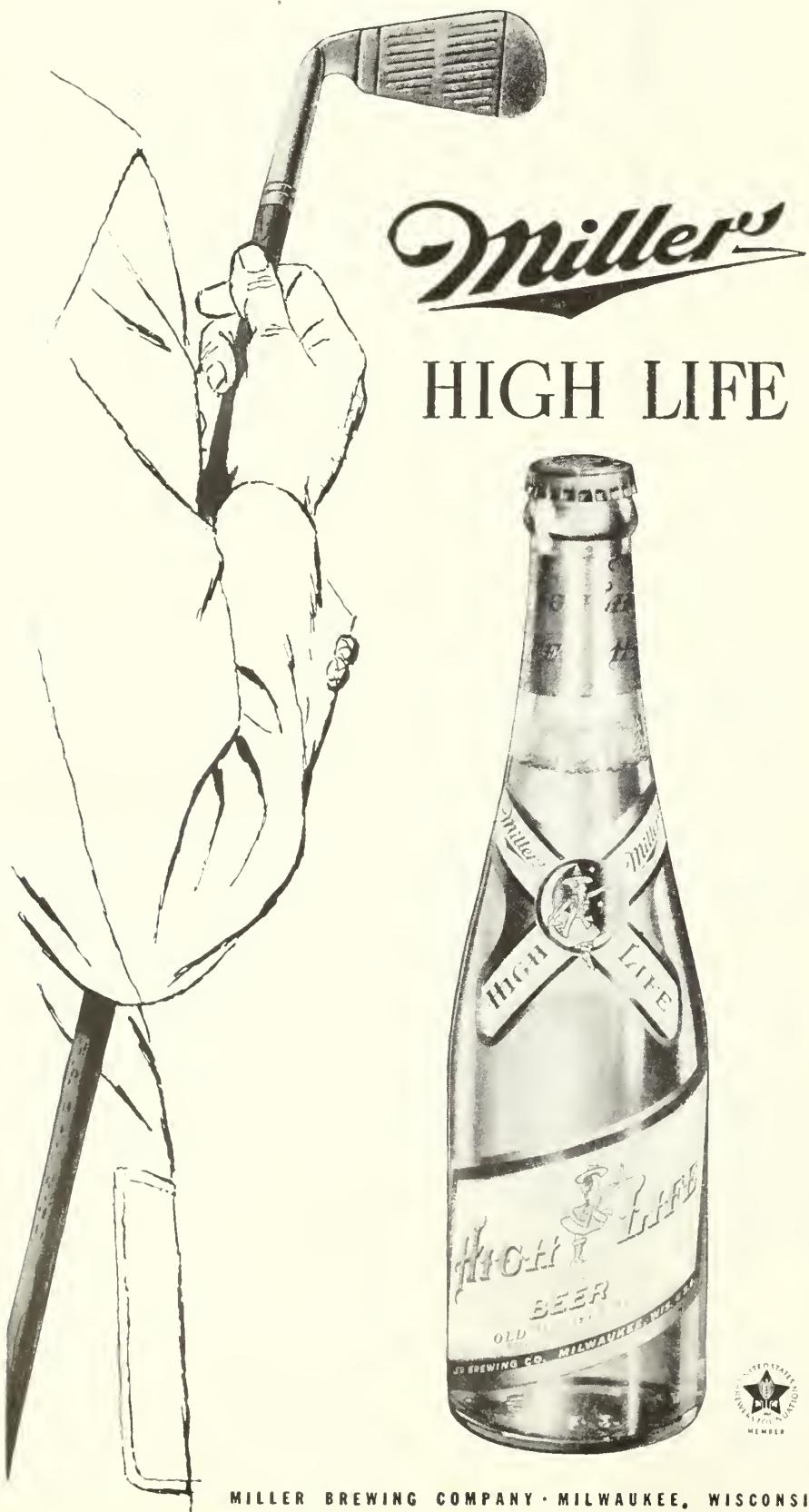
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assistance as a stabilizing influence. The level of federal, state, and local spending should be established with great care. We should be careful not to expand our spending for public works at a time when such action might cause further pressures for price increases in the construction field. Such spending might better be held back until a time when it is needed to take up slack. At the present time, we should be generous and farsighted in our treatment of veterans but we must not be extravagant.

Flexibility and responsibility in our tax policy should be maintained. We should be prepared to make adjustments in tax rates promptly as economic conditions change, and should refrain from adjustments that have only a popular and not an economic justification.

Through its research activities and facilities, the government can help explore new frontiers of knowledge which will increase productivity through the application of new techniques and will provide new opportunities for profitable investment. A continuing high level of investment is an essential requirement for a well-balanced economy.

IF we play as a team and follow the rules of the game, we can greatly increase our chances of keeping out of trouble.

As we work to improve the regularity and the stability of our economy, the eyes of the world will be upon us. We have become the economic and financial pivot of the globe. Our productive capacity is unrivaled by that of any other country. If we succeed in stabilizing our economy, we will create an environment in which people around the world will have a brighter hope for security and rising standards of living.

The trend in many parts of the world is toward socialization. The devastations and dislocations of war have reduced millions of people to primitive conditions of life. In struggling to extricate themselves from their desperate difficulties they have often turned to collective action through the instrument of government.

In those countries where the will of the people finds free expression, nationalization has resulted from the natural efforts of societies to find cures for chaotic economic conditions. People have felt compelled to exchange some of their personal freedom for a greater degree of economic security.

Trends toward socialization are experiments. Many nations are now formulating new policies. Our example will influence their future decisions. Our example will encourage them to retain a maximum of free enterprise rather than experiment further with nationalization in their search for stability.

Many of them think of our technical skill as being almost perfection. Through our generosity and good neighborliness in the past we have built up a great store of good will around the world.

I recall a story I heard in Moscow during the war. One of the members of the Embassy staff was in a Russian store waiting in line to buy some food. Just in front of her in the line was a man who, when he got up to the counter, asked the clerk for four ounces of butter. The clerk took out a large slab of butter, cut off a piece, and placed it on the scale. The needle of the scale pointed exactly to the four ounce mark. He looked at the clerk very pleased, and said in Russian, "Ah, that is just like American accuracy!" He meant that the clerk weighed the piece perfectly.

To him, the word "American" stood for precision and excellence. If that impression of us is true in Russia, it is even more true in other countries in which I have traveled and worked. They expect us to be the best.

The world in its present hardships has looked to the United States for food and relief supplies which have so desperately been needed. As reconstruction progresses, other countries will look to us more and more for the export of capital equipment, investment funds, and technical know-how.

Their continuing needs for American products provide us with an opportunity to help them while we help ourselves. World markets for our products will make it possible for us to employ more fully our greatly expanded productive capacities, and will thus buttress our own prosperity.

To take full advantage of our opportunities abroad, however, we will have to make it possible for other countries to pay for the goods they receive and to service the loans which we extend to them. In the long run, they will be able to do so only if we expand our imports and permit them to pay us with the fruits of their labor. Expanding world commerce will be of great benefit, but it must be a two-way street.

We Americans can, if we work together, maintain and raise our standard of living, and we can remove the blight of economic insecurity from our own country. In so doing, we will set an example for the rest of the world that will establish the unchallenged superiority of our way of life. As we work for our own prosperity, we will also be working for peace.

THE END

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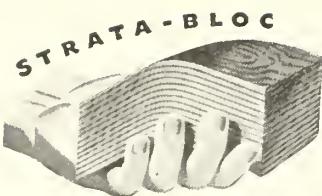
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AT WHAT AGE is a man at his prime in sports? When is he all washed up?

Well, they say around twenty-five to thirty, and sometimes, if the old legs hold up, somewhat later in the thirties.

Could be. Then again, maybe it would be a closer guess to say a man's in his prime around sixty and all washed up at about a hundred-and-one. For instance, quite a few gents—really youngsters—have won national titles after their fiftieth birthdays, and many more are still going strong in their seventies, eighties and nineties.

Willie Hoppe collects billiard titles past middle fifty. Pat MacDonald took the National AAU 56-lb. weight throw crown at fifty-six. Andy Varipapa won the National Match Game bowling title (toughest of all bowling contests) last year in his high mid-fifties. Of course Hank Marino had felt compelled to abdicate that title in his late forties.

But Hoppe, MacDonald and Varipapa are just kids compared to some other contestants now in circulation. Take Nat Vickers, of Kew Forest, Long Island, for instance.

Nat had his 100th birthday last October and was still swinging a golf club. Vickers took up golf at fifty when he began to tire of medal-gathering at tennis and cricket.



When he was a mere eighty he won the Metropolitan Golf Handicap championship at Garden City, Long Island. After he turned ninety he won the Bermuda title. He always shows up for the U.S. Senior Golf Championships, and was on deck again last summer. But it is to be said that he made a poor showing in practice and decided not to compete. Somewhere around age ninety-nine the old legs begin to lose some of their zip, according to Vickers.

Polo is a kind of rough and ready sport, but when James A. Wigmore's Californians rode into the final of the Waterbury Cup at Westbury, Long Island, last September by

defeating the Hurricanes 10-6, the papers didn't even bother to mention that Wigmore, captain of the California team, who played the back position, was then seventy-two years old. Wigmore learned about staying in the saddle when he was forty-five. At that time he was chairman of the polo committee of the Medwick Country Club, Pasadena, California, and thought

he ought to learn something about playing the game. Six years later, at fifty-one, he came into national prominence as one of the Cleveland team which won the National 12-goal Championship. A few years ago Wigmore was thrown by a spirited mount and was unconscious for ten days. As soon as he recovered he was back in the saddle.

"Retire?" says he. "Where can I get a bigger kick out of life?"

Also last September, on the 21st to be exact, a jockey named Fred Herbert, known



as "Brusher" to his fellow jockeys, took an unknown two-year-old named Knight's Love into the first race at Hurst Park, London, and came out a winner. This same Fred Herbert rode the winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1910. And it was way back in 1899, also at Louisville, that he won his first race, riding a mount called Bananas and Cream. After that he topped the winning list of jockeys in the United States, Canada, Australia and India. He rode the winner in the Canadian Derby in 1909.

"Brusher" Herbert was born 60 years ago at Hamilton, Ontario. Today he's still kicking the ponies in. He has two grandchildren and says he isn't thinking of retiring yet. If he does he might go back to being a circus acrobat, which he was off and on most of his life between racing seasons.

Another spry gent nearly in his seventies is Bert Damman, of New York City. Last

December, says bowling sage Fred Tuerk, Bert Damman celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday by bowling 100 consecutive competitive games across two alleys against various opponents. Damman's normal weight is 225, but in the sixteen hours of competition, during which he did not sit down or leave the platform, he lost 14 pounds. Damman averaged 167 for the hundred games. He had a high of 224 and a low of 124.

In the realm of figure skating consider ninety-two-year-old Oscar L. Richard, of New York. Back in 1876 Richard was a hurdling and jumping champion for the New York Athletic Club. Later he took up figure skating. In 1920 a nineteen-year-old boy won the National Senior Figure Skating crown. The man who won the Junior Championship that year was Richard, then sixty-five and ineligible for the Seniors because he hadn't qualified via the Juniors before. When he was eighty, in 1935, Richard teamed-up with a nine-year-old girl in a waltz event at St. Moritz, and the pair won. The girl was Megan Taylor, an English skater now a well-known professional here. When the recent war ended Richard started looking forward to touring Europe again in search of figure-skating contests.

A familiar name to all Americans is that of Ab Jenkins, former mayor of Salt Lake City, who is one of the top automobile speed demons of the nation. At an age when most folks begin to wonder what Social Security has in store for them, Jenkins, at sixty-three, is openly gunning to break the world's speed record of 369 miles an hour. Ab, who holds more auto racing marks than any other driver in history, is aiming at 400 miles an hour. Jenkins gave up his construction business twenty-one years ago to devote more attention to auto-speed after he had raced a train cross-country and won by a tender twenty-four hours.

Jenkins has his ups and downs. In 1939 his chariot caught fire, and his son hauled him out of the flames. While he was recuperating, Salt Lake City admirers urged him to run for Mayor. He did, and won by 14 votes. His opponent demanded a recount, and this time the margin was 52 votes in Jenkins' favor. That's not as many as his speed records.

Ab owns 75 of them.

Moose Swaney is a baseball pitcher who won't tell his age. It's right around sixty. He's a sort of legend with the minor leagues and semi-pro outfits. A former International Leaguer, Moose has

lately been identified with the House of David nine. He's still a top notch hurler in minor circuits. In 1941 he won 11 and lost four games for the bearded men, his best year.

Moose admits to fifty-seven, but there are those who contend he is older. The fact is he pitched ball before he entered the Army in the first World War, and he's still pitching.

Here's a toast to all the grand, old competitors, and here's a warning to all readers—when you get around ninety and nine take heed, the old legs may not be what they used to!—By Paul Gould

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MEN WANTED

(Continued from page 15)

willing to start out with a ready-made headache; can you picture him asking for three or four hundred pounds? Or bear with me through this one:

LADY EVE (whoever you are): Eros, the God of Love, could bring fulfillment to your most enchanting dreams. Like Eros, I am sensitively aware of your body's demands for exquisite sensations, your soul's longing to share enchanting secrets, . . . Though I am without earthly riches, I offer you the enchantment of "Just Suppose" in all its fantasies. Shall we make it reality? An exchange of messages should answer our mutual question: "Are You My Ideal?" Box 301, Ridgefield, N.J.

It's easy to see that this fellow hasn't any guts. "I am without earthly riches," he admits, but does he say, "Let's make it reality — how much money have you got?" No. He doesn't ask for a dime. Not a dime!

Dead? The principle of the dowry is deader than a filleted smelt right now, and I'll tell you why. And I'll tell you what we can do about it.

According to Lillian Eichler, in *The Customs of Mankind*, the dowry grew out of the custom of marriage by purchase. She traces three great (she calls them great) stages of marriage: marriage by capture, marriage by purchase, and marriage through mutual love.

Marriage by capture, although she puts it a little more delicately, actually amounted to a guy's going out with a club and bagging himself a bag—there was no closed season, no limit, and a woman belonged to the man who could tap her into a condition somewhere between oblivion and rigor mortis.

The second stage—marriage by purchase—brought forth the dowry. This is how it worked originally:

In Babylon the girls of marriageable age were put up on a block and auctioned off. The handsomest wenches brought the

highest prices, the homely ones were marked down (and probably stamped "B-Grade," although Lillian doesn't say); and the dowry had to be given along with the worst of the lot to get rid of them at all.

With present conditions what they are—10 women to one man; think of it!—and from the general run of women today, it certainly isn't out of order for us to demand a bribe with our bride.

The third stage of marriage, writes Lillian, is through mutual love. This, as you might have suspected, is the garlic clove in the fruit cake. In comes love, out goes the dowry—out goes the last vestige of practicality in marriage.

Man has snafued himself in a good many ways during and since the time of Adam, but allowing the emotion of love to kindle within our breast was the most disastrous. It has not only cost us intangibles, such as pride, honor, integrity and self-respect, but, and far more important, the dowry, folding stuff, the green panacea that will heal the wounds of love itself.

Even the so-called uncivilized men had sense enough to keep love out of matters where money was involved. Westermarch, in *The History of Human Relations*, shows that the practice of giving a dowry to a daughter prevails among many uncivilized peoples. These babes pay off in anything from jewelry and slaves to cattle and lands. In some instances the wife gets back the dowry in case of separation or divorce, though the husband may have the use of it as long as the marriage lasts (and if it were money, this would be long enough).

Among the bushmen in Africa, writes J. A. Hammerton (*Manners and Customs of Mankind*), the dowry is paid by the installment, due at the birth of each child. (A guy could make himself rich pretty easy with a deal like this.)

Perhaps a little off the theme, but these quasi-savages have elevated the custom of courtship to such a high plane that in Park's *Travels in the Interior of Africa* we



American Legion Magazine

come across this highly edifying scene:

At Baneseribe, a Slave having seated himself upon a mat at the threshold of his door, a young woman (his intended bride) brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before him, desired him to wash his hands. When he had done this, the girl with a tear of joy sparkling in her eye, drank the water; this being considered as the greatest proof of her fidelity and love.

And we call them savages!

"In Italy," writes Hammerton, referred to previously, "the question of the amount to be contributed by the bride is not raised until the betrothal is settled, but then the matter is placed on a business-like footing by employment of a professional valuer."

Nothing about love here, is there? It's all business, as it should be. And right out in the open.

"In Venice," he reports, "the bride is expected to contribute the whole of the household furniture; if this is impossible, she brings the furniture of the bedroom" (subtle creature). And he adds that "a trial period is allowed before formal proposal of marriage is made"—which certainly sounds like a sensible arrangement.

The time to fight for the return of this grand old institution, the dowry, could never be riper (10 women to one man—lovely, lovely, lovely!). I don't believe in jumping on anybody when they are down, understand, but where women are concerned, I'm not adverse to walking the length of them in passing.

There is only one way to begin this campaign, men: we must organize. We must regain the power our forefathers once enjoyed; we must establish our objectives and work together.

Let us each hold out for the highest bidder and cash on the line. "If they can't pay, don't let 'em play"—that's the ticket. If we stick together, time will come when the scab who gives in too cheaply will find

a picket line thrown across his bedroom door, so he can't get in.

Mutual love we will toss out the window. Let them love us, and have us but make them pay for the privilege. THE END

THE LEGION—AS WE ARE

(Continued from page 23)

veterandom and the civic, national and international aspirations of the ex-service-men. On the first score the new generation of veterans found the Legion form of organization sufficiently elastic to resolve the minor difficulties of making an organization of two generations a satisfactory implement for comradeship.

The 1947 veterans had problems as serious as those of 1920, problems of peace and war, preparedness and defense, capital and labor, housing and employment.

Some of these matters had been advanced far toward solution by the aid of the older Legion during the war years. In 1940-41-42, partly before war began, the Legion had pressed upon Congress laws which would give the disabled of a new war, immediately, all of the rights of compensation, hospitalization, training and employment which had been won by 25 years of effort since 1919. For the disabled of World War II these laws were on the statute books before wounds and disabilities struck them. The American Legion had seen to that.

Economically also the old Legion had made preparations for the new. In 1919 the ex-service men had asked for an adjustment of their army and navy pay to compensate, in some degree, for their loss of advantage to the civilian population in wartime wages and profit and opportunities of education. This request, called a bonus, was supported by the Legion. Its original form, Legion-sponsored, included educational aids, home and farm buying aids, and cash. After five years of bitter contest



American Legion Magazine

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MANKILLER

Cancer is not a "woman's disease." Of the types common to both, cancer kills more men than women!

88,000 American men are doomed to die of cancer in 1947, UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. That is an appalling figure, yet even more terrible is the fact that all too frequently cancer claims the bread-winner. Thus, a happy family not only suffers personal tragedy, but economic hardship as well.

What Can You Do About It

First, learn cancer's danger signals and watch for them in yourself and your loved ones. Even on the basis of today's knowledge, science tells us that one out of three cancer deaths is needless. Early recognition and proper treatment will save lives. Be on the alert!

Next, support the work of the American Cancer Society which this year will make grants of several millions of dollars to The National Research Council. This money, raised through voluntary contributions, will finance a program of research as

complete as that which developed the atomic bomb.

Without a doubt, the mystery of cancer will be solved eventually. Meantime remember: One person in every three who dies of cancer dies needlessly. Don't let that ONE be you. Support the work of the American Cancer Society.

GUARD THOSE YOU LOVE... GIVE TO CONQUER CANCER

PROTECT YOURSELF! CANCER'S DANGER SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart or mole.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
7. Any radical change in normal bowel habits.

No. 5

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unless we act
1 in 8
will die of
CANCER
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a bonus law was passed over a presidential veto in 1924, taking the form of long-term certificates. In 1930, over another veto, the Legion secured a 50 percent loan grant on the certificates, and in 1936, again over a veto, their payment in full. The service men's economic loss was "adjusted" seventeen years after the war. The educational and home buying aids were never granted.

In 1944, before the second war ended, Congress passed a bill written by the Legion to grant to the new generation of veterans unemployment benefits, home and farm buying aids, educational aids and other rights far exceeding the first war's bonus. The GI Bill of Rights was signed in 1944 by President Roosevelt, who in 1933 had made economy of disabled veterans benefits his battle cry, and in 1936 had vetoed the bonus payment. When the first of the new veterans walked into civil life with their honorable discharges, they found waiting for them far more than the first Legion got by prolonged struggle. Soon there was added the terminal-leave pay in total greater than the World War I bonus.

The acquisition of disability and hospital rights, and economic readjustment rights, without a struggle, did not leave the new veterans without matters to argue with their Government. An attack on the training-in-industry phases of the GI Bill in 1946 found it again doing battle to defend what had been won, and this fight to repeal Public Law 679 went on into 1947.

The home-buying aids provided by the GI Bill did not create homes. Into the fight over the housing shortage the new Legion threw its force in 1946 with a plan to eliminate government bottlenecks which throttled private building, while sustaining the helpful government aids in credits and in direct construction.

Early in 1947, Congress at the Legion's urging extended the time for reinstating

government life insurance for ex-service men. One by one the new Legion was winning for the veterans, or protecting for them, some of the advantages not covered by earlier enactments. In the field of veterans' benefits it began to be apparent that the new Legion would take care of its own as well as had the old. Indeed a question was being raised in some quarters about whether the federal aids to veterans had not been too generous. In 1933, after years of Legion effort to gain advantages for the disabled, the total government bill for veterans' welfare for all wars had reached one billion dollars annually. In 1947 the federal budget for veterans affairs exceeded seven billions. In 1933 the Economy Act had slashed deeply into veterans' compensations and other aids, slashes which were restored in the next two years through Legion leadership in a tremendous contest in which several acts of Congress pressed by the Legion were enacted over presidential vetoes. Would the economy talk of 1947 pose similar problems for the two-war Legion?

Whatever unknown factors lay ahead in the sphere of veterans rights and benefits, the position of the two-war Legion on many broad national questions was taking shape in 1947. It had endorsed the great experiment of the United Nations and the effort for a just peace, but had indicated opposition to any effort to buy the peace by concessions or appeasement. It wanted a peace of justice and not of opportunism.

The new Legion had declared itself for a strong United States, strong enough to discourage aggression, strong enough to quickly defeat aggression if attacked. One of its strongest beliefs about preparedness for America was the belief that universal military training, which it had urged in vain between two wars, was the wise and necessary course for keeping America secure. Would the bigger Legion of 1947 win where its efforts from 1919 to 1941 had failed?

On two subjects in particular the old Legion had consistently kept out of partisanship. One was politics and the other was labor relations. This neutrality had been achieved and maintained with some difficulty, especially in the early years. Would it be continued?

The two-war experiment has, at the start, met with a large measure of success. Nevertheless The American Legion of 1947 is yet an experiment, partly proven and partly tested, but with unlimited possibilities for achievement and many danger spots ahead, where achievement may falter before selfishness, or before wishful thinking and inertia. Under the banner of God and Country it may advance, indefinitely, or stand still. The answer lies in the hearts and minds of three and a half million or more young Americans.

THE END
Mr. Jones' THE LEGION: AS WE WERE
appeared in the May issue.

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American Legion Magazine



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Genius—anyone who has ever produced, directed or authored a motion picture which made money.

Fan Club—a group of people who tell an actor he's not alone in the way he feels about himself.

Extreme Mental Cruelty—tired of each other.

By Buster Rothman

Executive Ability

While our destroyer was tied up at the Liverpool docks a gang of us were over the side painting the hull. The bo'sun's mate would come around from time to time pushing us for more speed in that not-so-subtle way peculiar to bo'sun's mates. Finally I attempted to reason with him:

"Take it easy, Boats, Rome wasn't built in a day."

"Maybe not," he growled, "but I wasn't bossing that job."—By Harry Patterson

No Cheering Bow!

This fact obtrudes, whenever I
Feel melancholy's touch;
The curse of liquor, after all,
Is that it costs so much.

John E. Donovan

Just In Case

Traveling from Oxford to London during a wartime tour in England, I hitched a ride in a G.I. truck driven by a Negro corporal. The soldier, whose name you may say was Bill Jackson, made good time except for frequent halts, during which he would get out and look on top of the cab. Puzzled about the numerous stops, I finally asked why he got out and looked at the truck so often.

"Well, suh," he said, "Ah jes wanned be suah mah sign was still up there."

"Your sign?"

"Yassah, mah sign. Y'know, I drives disshere truck to Lunnon three, four times a week. And de Germans dey been peltin' Lunnon sumpin' awful with dem buzz bombs. Mah sign is jes a lil' stragity case one dem bombs got mah name on it."

I was still curious, and, at his next stop, I got out to look at this strategic sign. There, on top of the cab, crudely lettered in white paint, was the following:

"See here, Germans. Bill Jackson ain't driving this truck today. Please notice."

—By Harry W. Hill



S.O.P.

The limited bus from suburban La Mesa to San Diego stopped at Thirtieth Street to discharge a passenger. Before the driver could shut the door, an Army major was halfway into the entrance.

"This is a limited bus," said the driver.

"No passengers from 48th Street in."

"I'm in a desperate hurry," said the major.

"I'm not allowed to take you."

"But I've got to be downtown by —"

"You'll have to get off," said the driver.

"Good Lord, man," said the major, "can't you even be human?"

"Sorry, sir," said the driver sweetly.

"Regulations."—By Robert Wuliger

Arch Villains

As a morale booster for troops passing through a certain replacement depot, the commanding officer had a triumphal arch built. Boldly lettered on it was the phrase: **THROUGH THIS ARCH PASS THE BEST DAMN SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD**

It was the officer's custom to stand proudly by his arch as each shipment passed through on its way overseas.

Once a large shipment of young Air Force officers moved into the depot. The night before shoving off this group became somewhat playful. There was a rumor that some liquor was consumed. No major incident occurred but they howled far into the night, barracks were slightly damaged.

The next morning the post commander read them off in no uncertain terms. In all his thirty years of service, he said, he had never seen any group less fitted to be officers. Only because they were urgently needed overseas, he would not prefer charges against them.

Later he took his place beside his arch, to watch this shipment move out. Down the road they came in a column of fours, marching in perfect formation. No command was given, but as they neared the arch they split into columns of twos, passed around either side of the arch, reunited into a column of fours and marched onto their trains.—By G. E. Grimes

Two-Bit Sodas

I can understand why prices are high

When it comes to houses and cars;

I'll even accept a six-cent charge

For five-cent candy bars.

But the limit's been reached and I blow my top

And rant and rave and scream,
When they hand me a check for twenty-five cents

For some watered-down ice cream.

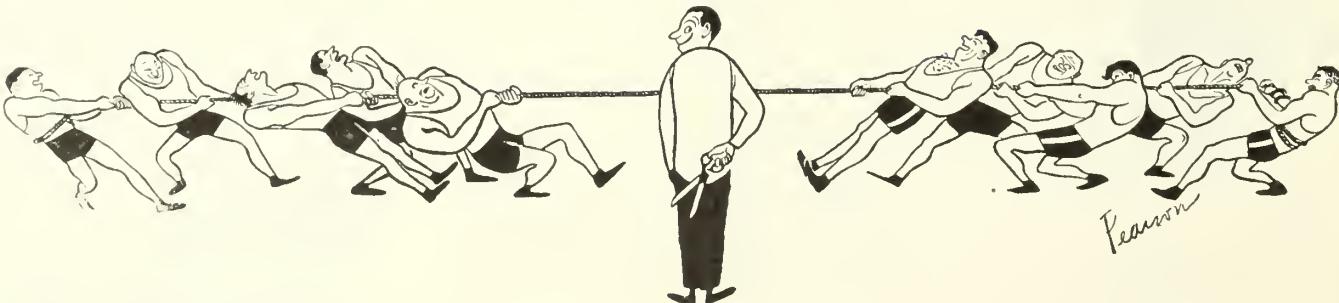
They can take their two-bit sodas

And pour them down the sink;

It's things like this that drive a man

And wife and kids from drink.

—Frank Ray





"The drinks here are well bred, too!"

For that cooling highball, thoughtful hosts choose
the agreeably light whiskey of good taste, Calvert.
And for a frosty collins—well—Calvert makes the best gin, too!
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Clear Heads Choose Calvert

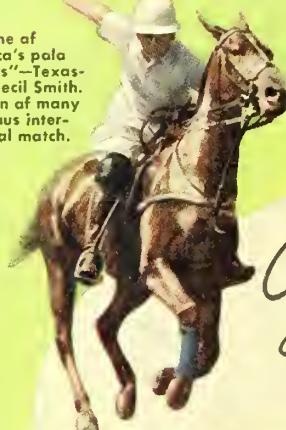
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EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

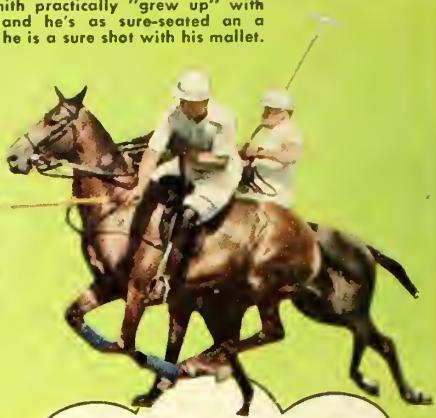
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Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.



EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER
IN POLO...AND
IN CIGARETTES!
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

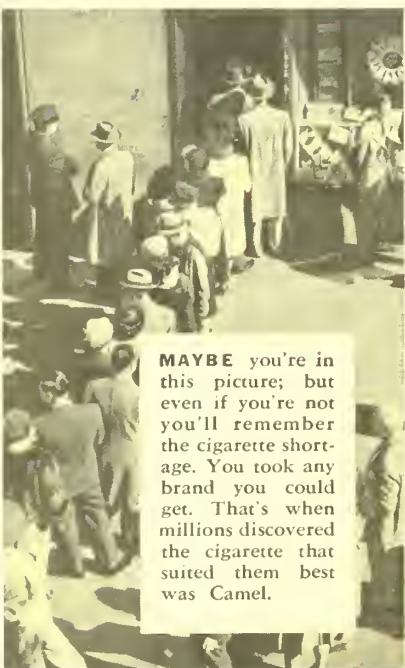
Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.



YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

{ Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.